

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 9, 1981 26 CENTS



**CINCINNATI'S
JOEY JAY**



Sharp shooter Ernie Klack

just can't miss
with Carter's knitted
boxer shorts

Ernie Klack elms to be comfortable. Small wonder then that we find him sporting knitted boxer shorts by Carter's. Ernie zeroed in long ago on the superb softness and incomparable fit of these cotton knits. (They score especially high with his wife Irma because they never require ironing.) Set your sights on the trim good looks of these new knit boxers. And on their name: Carter's.

Ernie Klack is any guy who wears Carter's knitted boxer shorts and considers it uncivilized (and uncomfortable) to wear any other kind.

Carter's
THE WILLIAM CARTER CO. NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.
KNITS EVERY UNDERWEAR STYLE —

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special kind of shotgun
is a gunmaker's*

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is recognized the world over for its superb shooting qualities, sureness of function and lifetime service... and discerning sportsmen appreciate as much the matchless precision and artistry with which it is crafted.

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Fine Grain Kalf.



See the comfort
as built right in.



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Next week

The Cincinnatus David and the Yankee Goliath provide an intriguing Series. We report it in color and black-and-white photographs and words by Tex Macle and Walter Bingham.

The U.S. Equestrian Team has a new home in New Jersey. Three pages of color photographs show the magnificent stables and the training area on the 4,500-acre Brady estate.

Terry Baker is a 26-year-old ambidextrous quarterback at Oregon State who has revived the old-fashioned concept of the campus hero—all-round athlete, scholar and leader.



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Univ. of So. Calif. vs Cal
- 28** Ohio State vs Wisconsin
or Iowa vs Purdue
- NOV. 4** Regional Games
Dartmouth vs Yale
Michigan State vs Minnesota
Missouri vs Colorado
- 11** Regional Games
Minnesota vs Iowa
LSU vs North Carolina
Wyoming vs New Mexico
- 18** Regional Games
Oklahoma vs Army
Illinois vs Wisconsin
North Carolina vs Duke
- 23** Texas vs Texas A&M
- 25** Regional Games
Syracuse vs Boston College
Ohio State vs Michigan
Washington State vs Washington
- DEC. 2** Navy vs Army

SAVE THIS HANDY SEASON SCHEDULE!

THOROUGHBRED RACING

Stakes through November 11

OCTOBER 9

Jockey Club Cup, \$15,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 miles, turf, Woodbine, Ont.

OCTOBER 10

Rouge Dragon Hurdle, \$10,000 added, 4-year-olds and up, 2 1/2 miles, Aqueduct, N.Y.

OCTOBER 11

Lawrence Realization, \$50,000 added, 3-year-olds, 1 1/4 miles, Aqueduct, N.Y.

OCTOBER 12

Manhattan Handicap, \$50,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/2 miles, Aqueduct, N.Y.

Quaker City Handicap, \$25,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 miles, Garden State Park, N.J.

Columbus Day Handicap, \$7,500 added, 3-year-olds, 6 furlongs, Narragansett Park, R.I.

OCTOBER 14

Champagne Stakes, \$125,000 added, 2-year-olds, 1 mile, Aqueduct, N.Y.

Hawthorne Gold Cup, \$100,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 miles, Hawthorne, Ill.

Benjamin Franklin Handicap, \$25,000 added, 3-year-olds, 1 1/16 miles, Garden State Park, N.J.

Akribardes Stakes, \$15,000 added, 2-year-old fillies, about 7 furlongs, Keeneland, Ky.

Cup and Saucer Stakes, \$10,000 added, 2-year-olds, 1 1/16 miles, turf, Woodbine, Ont.

OCTOBER 17

Grand National Steeplechase, \$25,000 added, 4-year-olds and up, 3 1/4 miles, Aqueduct, N.Y.

OCTOBER 18

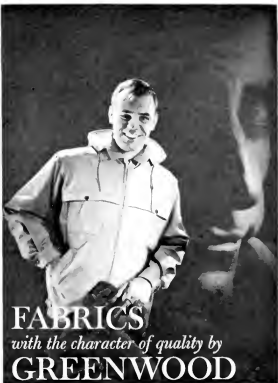
Nassau County Handicap, \$25,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 miles, Aqueduct, N.Y.

Challenge Handicap, \$10,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 6 1/2 furlongs, Woodbine, Ont.

continued

ROBITSHEK-SCHNEIDER chooses Greenwood's Western Poplin for this versatile outdoor jacket, styled with a complete zip-out lining for round-the-year wear. Why Greenwood? Because Robitshek-Schneider knows that luck of every yard of Greenwood fabric is that dedication to the finest quality...the best performance. Greenwood's all-combed cotton Western Poplin feels light and comfortable, yet it's extremely durable—ideal for the active sportsman. Treated with DuPont's Zelan for water-repellency, it keeps its good looks through repeated machine-washings and the rugged treatment of outdoor life...and it always adds up to 100% Greenwood quality. **GREENWOOD**

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THOROUGHBRED RACING

OCTOBER 19

Spinster Stakes, \$50,000 added, 3-, 4-, 5-year-olds, fillies and mares, 1½ miles, Keeneland, Ky.

OCTOBER 21

Jockey Club Gold Cup, \$100,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 2 miles, Aqueduct, N.Y.

Gardenia Stakes, \$75,000 added, 2-year-old fillies, 1 1/16 miles, Garden State Park, N.J.

Canadian Championship, \$50,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1½ miles, Woodbine, Ont.

Narragansett Special, \$25,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/16 miles, Narragansett Park, R.I.

Breeders' Futurity, \$25,000 added, 2-year-olds, 7 furlongs, Keeneland, Ky.

Bay Meadows Handicap, \$20,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1½ miles, Bay Meadows, Calif.

Grey Handicap, \$10,000 added, 2-year-olds, 1 1/16 miles, Woodbine, Ont.

OCTOBER 22

Knickerbocker Handicap, \$25,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1½ miles, turf, Aqueduct, N.Y.

Orange and Blue Stakes, \$10,000 added, 2-year-olds, 1 1/16 miles, Sportsman's Park, Ill.

OCTOBER 26

New York Turf Writers Cup Hurdle, \$15,000 added, 4-year-olds and up, 2 miles, United Harts at Aqueduct, N.Y.

OCTOBER 27

Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, \$50,000 added, 4-year-olds and up, 2½ miles, United Harts at Aqueduct, N.Y.

L. E. Stoddard Jr. Hurdle, \$10,000 added, 3-year-olds, 1½ miles, United Harts at Aqueduct, N.Y.

OCTOBER 28

Trenton Handicap, \$75,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1½ miles, Garden State Park, N.J.

Ladies Handicap, \$50,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1½ miles, Aqueduct, N.Y.

Durham Cup, \$15,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1½ miles, Woodbine, Ont.

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THOROUGHBRED RACING - continued

Coronation Futurity, \$15,000 added, 2-year-olds, 1 1/4 miles, Woodbine, Ont.

Maryland Futurity, \$10,000 added, 2-year-olds, Maryland-bred, 6 furlongs, Laurel, Md.

Jeanne d'Arc Stakes, \$10,000 added, 2-year-old fillies, 1 mile 70 yards, Narragansett Park, R.I.

OCTOBER 30

Interborough Handicap, \$20,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 6 furlongs, Aqueduct, N.Y.

NOVEMBER 1

Princeton Handicap, \$20,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs, Garden State Park, N.J.

NOVEMBER 6

The Garden State, \$125,000 added, 2-year-olds, 1 1/16 miles, Garden State Park, N.J.

Lexington Handicap, \$50,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 miles, turf, Aqueduct, N.Y.

Selma Stakes, \$30,000 added, 2-year-old fillies, 1 1/16 miles, Laurel, Md.

Falls City Handicap, \$20,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1 mile, Churchill Downs, Ky.

James H. Connors Memorial Stakes, \$15,000 added, 2-year-olds, 1 1/16 miles, Narragansett Park, R.I.

NOVEMBER 7

Sport Page Handicap, \$20,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, 6 furlongs, Aqueduct, N.Y.

New Jersey Breeders' Stakes, \$15,000 added, 2-year-olds foaled in New Jersey, 6 furlongs, Garden State Park, N.J.

NOVEMBER 11

Washington D.C. International, \$100,000, 3-year-olds and up, invitational, 1 1/2 miles, turf, Laurel, Md.

Rosner Handicap, \$50,000 added, 3-year-olds, 1 1/16 miles, Aqueduct, N.Y.

Vineyard Handicap, \$50,000 added, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1 1/4 miles, Garden State Park, N.J.

Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes, \$25,000 added, 2-year-olds, 1 mile, Churchill Downs, Ky.

END

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FOR ANSWER IN
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



NOV. 20th



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- 2. CLOSING DATE:** Entries must be postmarked by midnight OCT 13 and received at the office by noon OCT 14.
- 3. WHO CAN ENTER:** All persons living in the U.S. except employees and their families. If B7 Goodrich's advertising agency or the ATA Foundation, the ATA state trucking associations and the judging organization Consent subject to federal state and local regulations.
- 4. JUDGING:** Results of the judging competition is fast in the month of October. The winning entries will have their photos displayed in the show room devoted without an accident! Winner will be notified approximately 10 days after contest closes. All entries become the property of B7 Goodrich Inc. and all purposes, and none will be returned. In return to all entrants we will send them a complimentary copy of our new book "The Art of Trucking".

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SCORECARD

THE STUBBORN MEN

The Massachusetts State Boxing Commission's regal refusal to let an out-of-state referee handle the Floyd Patterson-Tom McNeeley heavyweight championship bout and the stubborn opposition of Cus D'Amato to any other arrangement has resulted in a needless impasse. There was precedent for an out-of-state referee since Rocky Marciano, long a resident of Florida, has been licensed to referee in Massachusetts. But the commission stood as stiff as dried cod, and the fight will now go elsewhere.

What stuck in the commission's craw was the blunt phraseology of the contract dropped on its table, without the customary diplomatic preliminaries, by Promoter Tom Bolan, a bit of an amateur in boxing. Had Bolan discussed the matter with the commission before his formal presentation on everything might easily have been straightened out by a simple rephrasing of the contract, and face could have been saved all around.

Now Boston has lost the fight, and Bolan has lost his best site. It is not the first round he has lost since he became president of Championship Sports Inc. Bolan's first defeat came after he announced that either Eddie Machen or Britain's Henry Cooper would be Patterson's next opponent. He did this without consulting D'Amato, apparently because he believed the persistent rumor that Patterson no longer listens to his manager. But Patterson does, and at D'Amato's enraged insistence McNeeley became the opponent.

Where will the fight go now? It looks like Toronto, in very late November.

YOU CAN STILL MAKE IT

How did are you? Was that really semipro ball you used to play, or more like sandlot? Did you, truly, hit against Johnny Sain at Corpus Christi? Does that glove on the shelf in the garage feel very stiff and slick and old and cold when you put your hand in it? Well, cheer up. Warren Spahn, age 40, won his 21st game last week for the 11th season. That means he is still the best pitcher alive.

And that means, of course, that anyone under 40 still has time to make the major leagues.

Anyone over 40 would do well to remember Satchel Paige.

THE SKIPPER SKIPS

There is a yachtsman named Bus Moshbacher, about whom two things are important: 1) he is a master of sailing tactics, and 2) he is a master of sailing tact. Last spring Moshbacher, the master of tactics, was invited to skipper *Easterner* to see if he could get the boat honed to America's Cup standards (SI, July 17). Last week Moshbacher, the master of tact, invited himself off the helm of *Easterner* forever. What he said as he left was, "I thank Mr. Hovey for a wonderful summer."

What he did not say was that Chandler Hovey, the 81-year-old Boston banker who owns the boat, gave Moshbacher and *Easterner* a fiercely frustrating season. In the first big race Moshbacher was handicapped by inadequate racing gear and coveys of Hoveys swarming around the boat. He still managed to beat the defending champion, *Columbia*, and the top contender, *Weatherly*.

This should have been a signal to Mr. Hovey. He should have decided that day whether he was going to continue sailing *Easterner* as a family boat and forget about the America's Cup. Or he should have given Bus and *Easterner* the things they needed to keep on winning and become one of the finest of all cup defenders. Things like new sails in time for major regattas, not two or three weeks late; things like a new boom to replace the limp, cumbersome sail-stretcher the boat now has; things like getting rid of extra berths and bulkheads and inefficient double shrouds; things like putting the very best crew aboard—and the Hovey clan ashore,

where it belongs in a big-time race.

But none of this happened, and *Easterner* pooped along through summer, winning occasionally because no boat with Moshbacher steering is going to lose them all, but losing too often because no family fun boat can dominate in America's Cup competition. So, at the end of summer, the skipper quit. We want to wish the Hoveys happy family sailing. After all, it is their boat.

VIVA LA OPERANCIA

At this moment, somewhere between Mexico City and Guatemala City, a 31-foot, 10-ton Army-surplus amphibious truck is rumbling along, filled with eight college boys, an electric banjo, assorted ukuleles and drums, 300 pounds of dog food, a dog and all the good will in the world. The expedition, informally approved by the State Department, is officially called "Operation Americas" and it is going all the way to Buenos Aires. The crew will live aboard the "duck" the entire time, traveling by road where there are roads, mushing amphibiously



into the water wherever necessary. At each stop the crew members will sing folk songs. They are doing all this, said a spokesman, "to show the peoples of Latin America that we are no different than they are." Huh?

BIMBOS

The University of Texas football team was far, far from home when it played way out in Berkeley, Calif., and it had brought along no cheerleaders. One of

continued

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SCORECARD

The Longhorn rooters rushed over to San Francisco to Bush's 365 Club, which until now has been known mainly as the site of a nude girl about a foot high who lives in a goldfish bowl. The enthusiast hired six cuties from the chorus line. Clothed (playsuits and high heels), they appeared on the field, kicked and squealed the team to a 28-3 victory over Cal. With a little bit of luck, this could get to be a trend.

EVERYBODY GETS HURT

Sam Snead was fined \$500 and suspended six months for playing in a pro-amateur tournament in Cincinnati. The PGA said he should have been playing (if he played at all) in a PGA tournament at Portland, Ore. The ruling cost Snead his place on the prestigious Ryder Cup team for next week's matches in Great Britain.

"I felt as innocent as a babe in the woods when I went up to Cincinnati," Snead drawled the other day. "I wrote Portland three weeks before their tournament, gave my regards to everybody, and told them I wouldn't be coming out. The Cincinnati invitation came at the last minute and I figured it wasn't anything more than a glorified exhibition. So I went. Five minutes before I'm set to tee off someone tells me I'd better get permission from the Portland sponsors, so I sent off a wire right away. When I finish 18 holes I come into the clubhouse and there's the answer: 'Permission not granted.'" Snead pulled out of the event on the spot, but the suspension came anyway.

The code which Snead violated is spelled out clearly in the PGA bylaws, and there is no doubt about its applicability here. It states that any player who has won a PGA-approved or co-sponsored tournament in the preceding calendar year must receive permission to duck any regular PGA show in favor of another event. The rule is designed to protect PGA sponsors who seek to enlist the best fields for their tournaments. But does it work that way? Golfers who generate as much excitement as Snead can take in as much money playing exhibitions and making appearances as they can competing on the tournament circuit. In this case the punishment is in reality being inflicted on the sponsors of tournaments held between now and March, when the suspension expires. They would gladly give up a dozen Joe

Zilches if they could count on the Sneads to bring in the crowds. This penalty merely hurts the sponsors it is designed to protect.

A PLAN TO SAVE THE MINORS

"The demise of the minor leagues," says Robert J. Philbin, a 48-year-old freeloance sportswriter, "is only a breath away. This is no time for rule makers to go into prolonged consultation. The minor leagues' revival by the summer of 1962 depends on some drastic action that may well involve pulling off the old corn plasters and injecting a new wonder drug." Mr. Philbin's wonder drug is called Hitler's Choice and some of its rules follow.

1) Since baseball gives a decided advantage to the left-handed hitter by giving him a step less in reaching first base, Hitler's Choice allows the hitter to proceed to either first base or third upon hitting the ball.

2) Once the hitter commits himself to either third or first, any further progress around the bases must be made in the same direction.

3) The bases are enlarged an inch on each side (total four inches) and this allows all the bases to be doubly occupied. A home run with the bases doubly loaded would then account for seven runs.

4) Instead of four balls and three strikes, Hitler's Choice allows three balls and two strikes. Pitchers would be afraid to throw balls and hitters afraid to take strikes, and the game would thus be speeded up.

5) If two runners try to reach the same base both must make it safely or else a double play results. This, of course, would mean that a left-handed shortstop would be just as valuable as a right-handed shortstop because he could make the pivot at second base and throw to third to complete the double play.

6) If a fly ball is hit to the right fielder only the man on first could try to score, if it goes to the left fielder only the man on third could try to score.

Any questions?

BAD DEAL (CONT.)

There is another move afoot to monopolize harness racing in New York state. And since New York racing so clearly dominates and sets the standards for the sport nationwide, it is disturbing to observe the inaction of the New York State Harness Racing Commission in the face of this challenge.

When the owners of Yonkers Raceway

tried to gain control of Roosevelt Raceway recently (SI, July 24), public protest thwarted the deal. Now William Zeckendorf's real estate firm of Webb & Knapp is reported trying to buy control of both tracks and apparently already has Yonkers in the bag. No one seems concerned by the fact that a state commission strongly recommended that no one group should own two racing licenses. The purpose of the ruling, an excellent one, is to keep any single group from controlling the policies of racing from March to December in trotting's prime market. We assume the people involved have so much political power that they think they can ignore such sound recommendations.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

George Gareff is commissioner of a very minor football league, but when it comes to handling disciplinary problems he is a major leaguer. Two weeks ago Gareff was among 6,000 spectators watching a United Football League game in Columbus. With 31 seconds left to play and the Columbus Colts leading 27-14, Gene Kelling, a Cleveland Bulldogs' defensive end, knocked down Field Judge Bob Donald with a surprise punch to the ribs. Almost simultaneously, according to the commissioner, Cleveland Assistant Coach Billy Reynolds, who once played halfback in the big leagues but didn't seem to learn anything, raced onto the field and grabbed Umpire Mike Mileusnich, who fell to the ground.

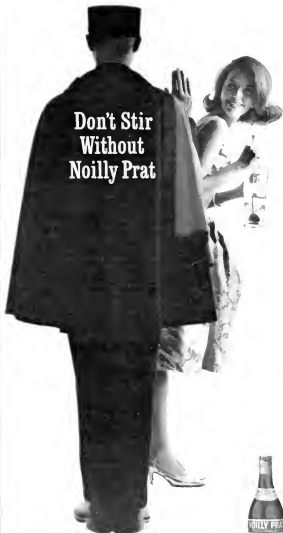
Unlike Commissioner Joe Foss of the American Football League (who "punishes" by secret memorandum), Commissioner Gareff took prompt and public action. He suspended sneak puncher Kelling for the season, threw Reynolds out of the league for life. Judge Landis would have beamed his approval.

THEY SAID IT

- Beano Cook, University of Pittsburgh sports publicity director, on why an outstanding basketball player dropped out of school: "He got tired of his dad writing him for money."
- Eddie Erdelatz, ex-Oakland Raiders coach, when asked what he had studied at St. Mary's: "The morning paper."
- Herb Leggett, Phoenix, Ariz. hanker, on swimming pools: "After serving as bartender and lifeguard, you conclude that a swimming pool is a thing of beauty and a joy for others. A peculiar property of water is that it stimulates the thirst—for everything except water."

END

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**Sports
Illustrated**
OCTOBER 5, 1991





No. 60...

Roger Maris hit the home run that tied Babe Ruth's record on a curve ball thrown by Jack Fisher of the Orioles. It was a high drive so close to the right-field foul pole that Maris didn't run. "If it was fair," he said later, "I had plenty of time. If it was foul, I'd save my strength." So Maris, Catcher Gus Triandos and Umpire Bill Kinnamon all stood still and watched as the ball hit the third deck, fair by three feet. About No. 61 (next page) there was no uncertainty

Photograph by Herb Scharfman—Lynn

CONTINUED



THE BIG MOMENT: HARIS HITS NO. 61 AS CINCY'S JOEY JAY, GARRELL JOHNSON AND JIM O'TOOLE WATCH FROM FRONT ROW BOX

...AND 61

It was Sunday, October 1, 1961 at Yankee Stadium in New York, the fourth inning of the last game of the season. The clock on the scoreboard read 2:42 when Roger Maris came to bat for the second time in the game. There was no score, one out and no one on base. Pitching for the Boston Red Sox was Tracy Stallard, a tall 24-year-old right-hander with a 2-6 record. The first time up, Maris had hit Stallard's first pitch, a good sinker, deep to left field, but the ball had been caught.

Now Stallard threw a fast ball high and outside that Maris took for a ball. From all over the Stadium, but especially from the pocked right-field stands, Maris' home run territory, came the low rumble of boos. Stallard threw another fast ball, this time low and inside, and again there were boos. Stallard's third pitch was a third fast ball—"a strike," he said later, "knee-high on the outside

corner of the plate." Maris swung, and from the instant of impact there was no doubt in the mind of anyone (including two Cincinnati pitchers in a front-row box) that he had just hit his 61st home run of the season, more than any other player in the history of the game. The ball rose toward the right-field stands, just to the right of the Yankee bullpen some 360 feet from home plate, and fell about six rows deep into a wild confusion of grappling fans. It was caught on the fly by a 19-year-old Brooklyn boy named Sal Durante who was immediately escorted with his precious souvenir—a California restaurant man had offered \$5,000 for the ball—to the Yankee dressing room.

Maris circled the bases slowly to a standing ovation from the crowd of 23,000. Yogi Berra, waiting to hit, was the first to shake his hand, followed by the Yankee bat boy and a jubilant fan.

Maris disappeared into the dugout, but when the applause continued he reappeared on the dugout steps, his hat in his hand, a delighted smile on his face. When he tried to sit down once more his teammates refused to let him, pushing him back into view. Again he waved his cap at the crowd. At that moment the Yankee management flashed a message on the scoreboard. MARIS 61 HOME RUNS BREAK RUTH'S 1927 RECORD FOR A SEASON.

There was little new for Maris to say to the mob of reporters who surrounded him after the game. "I'm happy . . . good feeling . . . the greatest," were the expectable answers to the expectable questions. In the Boston clubhouse Stallard, who had lost the game to the home run, 1-0, was far from despondent. "I'll tell you this," he said. "My price just went up on the banquet circuit."

—WALTER BINGHAM

SAL DURANTE HOLDS HOME RUN BALL OVERHEAD (ARROW) AFTER MAKING CATCH, WHILE FANS BEHIND HIM CONTINUE SEARCH



THE BEST RACE HORSE



by WHITNEY TOWER

Kelso won the Woodward Stakes at Belmont last Saturday and thereby clearly established himself as the best horse in the U.S. Is he also the best horse in the world? This Sunday in Paris the French champion 3-year-old, Right Royal, will meet Molvedo, Italy's brilliant son of the prestigious Ribot, and some 20 others of Europe's finest in the rich (more than \$175,000) and historic Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp. That race will determine Europe's best, and hopefully the winner will come to the Washington D.C. International at Laurel on Nov. 11. Two Russian horses will also be there. So will Kelso—and if the owners of these overseas hopefuls want some unsolicited advice from a possibly biased source, I suggest that they bring over fit horses prepared to run at a genuine champion.

In only eight years the Woodward Stakes has become the most testing event in the U.S. racing calendar. It is weight for age (120 pounds on 3-year-olds, 126 on all older horses)—which means that

a true decision is not influenced by arbitrary weights assigned by the track handicapper. Its distance of a mile and a quarter usually frightens off the many rich colts who make an almost tedious habit of winning sprint stakes, only to stop dead in their tracks when asked to demonstrate true stamina against a field with any class to it. The Woodward has been won twice by Sword Dancer and once by such horses as Traffic Judge, Mistier Gus, Dedicate and Clem. Others who ran in it but were not good enough, at least on these particular days, include Nashua, Gallant Man, Bold Ruler, Round Table, Hillsdale and Bald Eagle. The Woodward is not a race for pretenders.

The odds were right

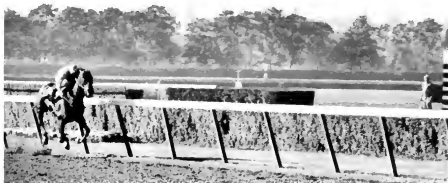
Last week's renewal drew only five starters, and it was obvious that Kelso, owned by Mrs. Richard duPont, was going to go off as the odds-on favorite. He closed at 1 to 2 and ran true to his odds. The others battled only for second, third and fourth money. At the start, as expected, Llangollen Farm's

Divine Comedy and C. V. Whitney's Tompion went to the front. Eddie Arcaro stayed just behind them with Kelso and was followed by Eddie Burke's Whodunnit and the sentimental favorite of the crowd of 40,212, Jack and Katherine Price's Kentucky Derby winner, Carry Back.

Willie Shoemaker had Divine Comedy nearly two lengths in front on the backstretch, but as the field went by the half-mile pole Arcaro and Kelso ranged up alongside Tompion, who was still second, and Tompion gave up the fight. Whodunnit and Carry Back were never really in it. "In the middle of the far turn, with less than half a mile to go, I went after Divine Comedy," said Arcaro later. "All I did was tap Kelso—and away he flew." Turning into the homestretch, Kelso had already opened up three lengths, and by the time he reached the wire he had increased his margin to eight. Divine Comedy hung on to take second by half a length over the late-rushing Carry Back, with Whodunnit a neck behind in fourth and Tompion last by six lengths.

IN THE WORLD

Kelso laid claim to that honor with the speed and wide margin of his victory in the Woodward Stakes (below). He should have a chance to prove it soon in the international at Laurel, against Europe's best



Belmont is not the fastest race track in the world, so Kelso's time of two minutes flat (after Divine Comedy's early fractions of 23 1/5, 46 1/5 and 1:10 for six furlongs and 1:34 4/5 for the mile) makes this one of the most remarkable races ever run in New York. It tied a 48-year-old track record set by Whisk Broom II (a time, incidentally, that is still being disputed by old hands, who claim Whisk Broom's manual timers mistakenly stopped their watches before the winner crossed the finish line). In modern times only one other horse, Tom Fool, has covered a mile and a quarter at Belmont in less than 2:01. The Greentree champion won the 1953 Suburban in 2:00 3/5. Kelso undoubtedly could have broken two minutes if Arcaro had realized that a record was in sight. "If they'd told me at the 16th pole about the time," he said, "I might have shook him up a bit. Even as it was, I had to keep tapping him down the stretch because I felt that he was trying to loaf on me."

Ironically, for much the same reason that Tom Fool did not receive the full

acclaim he deserved, Kelso has not been entirely accepted by the public as, for example, Carry Back has been. A Kentucky Derby, Preakness or Belmont winner wins fame automatically. What horses do when they become "old," at 4, is too often thought to be of no consequence. Since neither Tom Fool nor Kelso ran in any of the Triple Crown classics for 3-year-olds their accomplishments may never be fully appreciated.

Two defeats in two years

Earlier this year Kelso joined Whisk Broom II and Tom Fool as the only horses to win the handicap triple crown, consisting of the Metropolitan, the Suburban and the Brooklyn. He did it under burdens of 130, 133 and 136 pounds, giving away gobs of weight to his rivals. It was a tremendous achievement, as Tom Fool's had been eight years earlier. Kelso came to the races late a year ago, but when he did he immediately began winning. This year it has been the same story. In these two years he has had 16 starts and won 14 of them (as a 2-year-old in 1959 Kelso started only three

times, winning once and finishing second twice). Both defeats came at Chicago's Arlington Park, after finishing fourth there a month ago Arcaro insisted, "The track was like a skating rink—all shiny and slick."

The U.S. candidate for best horse in the world is neither ugly nor particularly pretty. He is a combination dark bay and brown and, like the Italian champion, Ribot, does not look impressive until he begins moving. Then the beautiful rhythm and smooth action immediately stamp him an individual with unique class. Unfortunately, Kelso, a son of the brilliant sprinter You Host and the Count Fleet mare Maid of Flight, is a gelding and will be unable to pass on his championship qualities.

Arcaro has this to say: "I'm not kidding. I think he may be as great as Citation. Citation was the best I ever saw or rode, and since his day I've either ridden or ridden against every other good horse in the country. If Kelso goes on winning like this I'll have to say he's as good as Citation—and I never thought I'd be saying that about any horse."

END



HOPE REVIVES IN SOUTH BEND

The luck was all against the Irish, but a pair of fleet backs and a rough line had Notre Dame alumni—the real and the subway article—burbling about a new golden age

by RDY TERRELL

There was a pep rally in South Bend on Friday night that began in bedlam and proceeded directly to hysteria, where it remained for several hours. On Saturday the Notre Dame Golden Dome, freshly gilded, flashed back the rays of the autumn sun until Our Lady danced in the air like some celestial vision. On the cover of the game program, wearing his old magical, twisted grin, was Knute



—AP/Wide World

plished enough for one day, the score could have gone much higher.

A 165-pound fullback from Donora, Pa., Angelo Dahbero, ran through Oklahoma like a berserk water bug and a 200-pound junior fullback from Chicago named Mike Lind spread havoc in Dahbero's wake, hut the Oklahomans, although frequently close to destruction, retained enough presence of mind to recover two Irish fumbles and intercept two passes. Notre Dame also lost a touchdown when Quarterback Daryle Lamonica's 15-yard scoring run in the fourth quarter was called back, and the Irish sophomores played like sophomores to blow a final chance.

The Irish had no passing attack worth mentioning—Lamonica and sophomore Frank Budka completed only three of eight attempts for 25 relatively useless yards—but Notre Dame didn't really need passes. It had Dahbero and Lind and that big line. Dahbero, a sandy-haired little assassin with a snaggle-tooth grin, led Notre Dame ball carriers in the disastrous 1960 season with 325 yards. He is well on the way to matching that total after one game. Dahbero raced through Oklahoma on his weaving runs for 176 yards in 11 carries, and one of these went 51 yards for his team's first touchdown. Lind scored twice, once from 23 yards out, again from the two, and he gained 121 yards in 18 tries. In all, Notre Dame gained 367 yards on the ground, Oklahoma had 125.

For much of the first half, the big crowd and a national audience watching ABC's weekly television effort saw a tight game. A good sophomore quarterback named Bill Van Burkleo, after limping for three weeks on an ankle injured in an early Oklahoma scrimmage, took over the ball club and led the Sooners down to Notre Dame's 10 late in the second quarter. There a penalty pushed Oklahoma back five yards, and Karl Mlsted's field goal try was blocked.

From its own 41, Notre Dame scored in two plays. Lind went over left tackle for eight yards (Notre Dame picked on the left side most of the day), then Dahbero, taking a hand-off from Lamonica, swung around left end, faked a couple of Oklahoma tacklers onto their noseguards and cut loose on his long touchdown run.

Oklahoma came back almost immediately on a rather unusual maneuver. Joe Perkowski's kickoff—into a wind that sometimes came gusting over the stadium wall at 45 miles an hour—hung in the air so long that the Notre Dame tacklers ran past it. Gary Wylie, fielding the ball for Oklahoma on the 25, found hardly anyone in front of him and lumbered 47 yards to the Irish 28 before Frank Mink finally came scooting across to bung him out of bounds. Van Burkleo sent the Sooners on down to the six in six plays, and Jackie Cowan took a pitchout around right end from there. Mlsted's kick was wide to the right, and Oklahoma was never to get closer than the Notre Dame 26 again.

The second Irish drive went 74 yards in seven plays. Dahbero ran for seven and 21, Lind for 21 more in three tries. Then, from the Oklahoma 23, Lamonica faked to Dahbero going right, and 10 Oklahoma defenders went that way, too. So Lamonica handed the ball off behind his back to Lind, who was proceeding toward left tackle. As it turned out, only the Oklahoma safety man, Mike McClellan, remained in Lind's way, but Les Traver went across from his end position to throw a block and that removed McClellan. Lind stepped neatly around the two bodies to score. Perkowski's kick was good.

Notre Dame's final touchdown drive covered 62 yards, very quickly. Dahbero contributed runs of 22 and 30 yards, while Lind got the rest by smashing for eight and two.

"We feel," said Notre Dame Coach Joe Kuharich, "that the men handled their offensive assignments well. Dahbero seems to have matured."

'Twas a famous victory

It was a good victory, even over an Oklahoma team that had its second unit decimated by injuries in the weeks of practice leading up to the opener and was therefore ill equipped to cope with Notre Dame's superior size and depth in the second half. And it was a victory that set Notre Dame fans from Puget Sound to Omsk talking about the return to the days of Rockne and Frank Leahy which, of course, is what Notre Dame fans talk about after every winning game. But they should be cautioned

continued on p. 65, 68

Rockne, back to haunt Notre Dame opponents once again. The only thing missing was George Gipp.

After the band swung into the most famous college fight song ever written, and 55,000 people swallowed the lumps in their throats long enough to shake down the thunder from the sky, Oklahoma didn't have a chance. Notre Dame won the ball game 19-6, and if the lack of the Irish hadn't called a truce time out, figuring perhaps that it had accom-



Just Like Ike



Well, perhaps not *just* like. After all, this golfer is a Democrat, not a Republican, but she does live in the White House. And even though she only started learning the game last summer, Jackie Kennedy already swings a golf club with a veteran's natural grace, as these pictures—shot through a telephoto lens in Newport last week—plainly show.

Photographs by J. Walter Green—Associated Press

Upward to Defeat

Dale Williams, University of Georgia quarterback, is flying high, all right, but he isn't exactly soaring to victory. As a matter of fact, the Vanderbilt line-backer seemingly growling in defeat on the ground below is the victorious one. He has just sent Williams aloft by bumping him clear out of bounds in a game which Williams and his teammates lost by a solidly earthbound 21-0.







RELIEVER JIM BRADSEN, A BIG MAN FOR THE REDS THIS YEAR, HAS DEER AND FEW WORDS FOR MANAGER FRED HUTCHINSON

ARMS AND THE MEN FOR CINCY

by **WALTER BINGHAM**

A crossword-puzzle addict, the son of a Chicago policeman, a noted author and a quiet Texan are among the Cincinnati pitchers who are challenging the Yankee power in the Series

On the day they won the National League pennant, the following things happened to the Cincinnati Reds: Frank Robinson dropped a fly ball. Jerry Lynch let one fall at his feet. Eddie Kasko picked up a ground ball, started to throw and fell down. Gordy Coleman tripped over a sliding base runner. And Gene Freese, instead of scooping up a ground ball and tagging third base for a force out, decided to let the ball roll foul. It didn't. Fielding, clearly, did not win the pennant for Cincinnati.

Nor was it hitting, although certainly Cincinnati's hitting was better than its fielding. But the team's batting average was still third in the league, and three other teams hit more home runs. What won the pennant for the Reds was pitching, the best in the league, and if the Reds beat the Yankees in the World Series, it will be pitching that will do it.

The most successful of the Cincinnati pitchers this season has been Joey Jay, a huge, bushy-browed, dark-haired, green-eyed right-hander who wears sports jack-

ets and conservative ties, cashmere sweaters, Argyle socks and cordovan loafers, and who does crossword puzzles on the bus to the ballpark. At 26, he considers himself a veteran. "Jim Turner has helped some of the young pitchers on the staff," he says—excluding Joey Jay. Jay also bristles at the suggestion that either Turner, the Cincinnati pitching coach, or Fred Hutchinson, the manager, has performed some bit of magic to convert him (he was a Milwaukee Brave disappointment) into one of the two

(continued)

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ARMS FOR GANCY *continued*

biggest winners in the National League.

"I'm pitching the same way I did when I was with the Braves," he says. "No one taught me any new pitches or anything like that. The difference is that I'm getting a chance to pitch with the Reds. It's hard to work much when you have guys like Spahn, Burdette and Buhl around. Last year I started 11 games and won six of them. This year I started 34 games and won 21. That's the only difference."

The Braves' management might explain it another way. "Lazy," "temperamental" and "self-satisfied" were the words they once used for Joey Jay. The Braves signed Jay to a \$50,000 bonus in 1953. He was only 18 and needed experience badly, but under the bonus rule at the time, he had to spend two years with the Braves.

Jay quickly won himself a reputation as an eater and sleeper of championship caliber. He seldom was seen awake without a candy bar or a soft drink, often with both. He would eat in the bullpen during ball games. At one point he weighed 245 pounds, which even at his height—6 feet 4 inches—made him look fat. (A Milwaukee paper once ran a headline saying: POUNDAGE NO PROBLEM, SAYS PUNDEROUS JOEY JAY.)

On his first road trip with the Braves he overslept one day and arrived at the park only 20 minutes before gametime. Some of the older players, who resented bonus players anyway, didn't let Jay forget it. Another time Jay fell asleep on the bus coming back from Ebbets Field in Brooklyn. When the bus arrived at the hotel, all the players tiptoed off and the bus drove away still carrying Jay, fast asleep.

When Jay was finally eligible for the minors, he had a rough time. "He was a problem then," recalls his friend and former manager, Ben Geraghty. "He hadn't grown up. He had an awful temper. I remember once he threw a handful of sand into the stands after a bad call and I thought the fans were going to scalp him. He had just been married, his control was wild and he had been sitting on a major league bench too long."

Two incidents in Jay's minor league career helped mature him. One night when he was pitching for Wichita he got what he thought was a bad call from the umpire. Jay threw his glove in the air, stalked off the field, took a shower, got dressed and left. Lynn Stone,

the business manager, fired Jay \$250.

"Jay couldn't believe we would do a thing like that and make it stick," says Stone. "He had been pampered all the time he was in baseball. I told him he was going to have to grow up."

The other incident occurred in Indianapolis when Jay, disgusted with himself, started lobbing the ball up to the plate. "The other team beat the pants off us," Geraghty recalls. "I had a team meeting the next day and told Jay that if he didn't have the guts to act like a man, he could clear out. We won 12 straight after that and Jay didn't lose another game that season."

Back to the Braves

That season was 1957 and Jay finished with a 17-10 record at Wichita, good enough for him to be recalled by the Braves. During the next three years Jay had some brilliant moments and some dismal ones. He won five games during an 18-day stretch in July of 1958, and it looked as if he had earned a place on the starting rotation alongside Warren Spahn and Lou Burdette. But in late August, Jay broke a finger and was out the rest of the season, missing a chance to pitch in the World Series.

The next season Jay started sluggishly and by mid-July his record was 3-6. Manager Fred Haney blew up. "He just won't do anything in pregame drills. He's fat and he's too lazy to get in shape," Haney said.

"I can't believe Fred really said that," Jay said recently. "Sometimes things have a way of getting mixed up."

Last year Jay's record was 9-8. "I was a spot starter," he says. "Spahn wouldn't pitch against the Dodgers, so I'd take his turn. Buhl didn't go against the Reds, so I'd fill in. I only pitched 133 innings and that's not enough."

During the winter the Braves traded Jay and Juan Pizarro, another young pitcher in much the same predicament as Jay, for Shortstop Roy McMillan. (The Reds then sent Pizarro to the White Sox for Gene Freese.) Fred Hutchinson announced that Jay would be a regular member of the starting rotation and worked him hard in spring training. He was shaky during the exhibition season and suffered a merciless pounding by the Braves, his old teammates. Worse yet, Roy McMillan, the man for whom he was traded, hit two home runs.

"It didn't worry me," Jay says now. "I'm always a slow starter. It takes me a while to work into shape."

continued



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ARMS FOR CINCINNATI *continued*

Jay also started the season slowly, though it was hardly his fault. In his first three games, the Reds got him no runs. But then, starting with a one-hit shutout against the Phillies, Jay won 13 of his next 14 games, as the Reds moved from last place (April 30) to first place by six games (July 15). Jay continued to win during the summer and, as if fate had arranged it, he faced the Braves in September with 19 wins. The Reds got him only one run, but Jay allowed none, beating the Braves for his 20th victory—a moment he regards with relish.

The pitcher Manager Fred Hutchinson selected to start the Series is a 24-year-old left-hander named Jim O'Toole, son of a Chicago policeman. Over the last half of the season, O'Toole was Cincinnati's best pitcher, finishing with a 19-9 record after being 6-7 in early July.

O'Toole is a confident, breezy young man. When he was a boy, his father tried to change him into a right-hander. He refused. The nuns at school tried next. He still refused. That stubborn streak remains. "No one could tell him how to pitch," says a teammate. "He was going to learn it all himself and by golly if he didn't."

O'Toole signed with the Reds in 1958 for a \$50,000 bonus and spent the season in Nashville. He won 20 games, was voted Minor League Player of the Year and appeared on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. "I didn't have any speaking lines," he says. "I just smiled. Whitey Ford was on the same show."

O'Toole was a diligent worker. He wrote think on the back of his glove, kept tape-recorded notes on how to pitch to batters and jotted down the preachings of Birdie Tebbets, then the Cincinnati manager. The Reds brought him up in 1959, and he finished with a 5-8 record. Last year he was 12-12.

In one game last year he gave up three hurt singles to Bill White of the Cardinals. The third time it happened, Fred Hutchinson arrived at the mound as though by catapult. "I'm sorry, Babe," O'Toole said brashly. "I gave him my best shot."

"Well, Babe," growled Hutch, "your best shot isn't good enough."

"He's still an immature kid," says one of the Cincinnati sportswriters. "He's likely to call you anything. But it's that same spirit that's going to make him a great pitcher."

Bob Purkey, 32, won 16 games this year. He threw a knuckle ball often enough and well enough to cause the Cincinnati management to buy an exceptionally large catcher's glove like the one Baltimore uses when Hoyt Wilhelm is at work. Purkey does not throw hard. "Watch him warm up and you wouldn't give 5c for him," Birdie Tebbets once said. "But he gets them out."

Several years ago Purkey was watching the Yankees and Braves in the World Series. Eddie Mathews got up with the bases loaded and the Yankees brought in a new pitcher. "How would you like to be coming in to pitch in a position like that?" his wife asked him.

"Just give me a chance," Purkey said to her. He has that chance now.

Jim Brosnan, 32, spent five years in the majors as a pitcher of little distinction, then wrote a book (*SI*, March 7, 1960)—a witty and acid diary of a baseball season—and suddenly found himself one of the most controversial players in the game. His pitching, as if responding to this stimulus, improved sharply. This year, winning 10 games and saving 16 more, Brosnan has become one of the best relief pitchers in baseball.

Who's interviewing who?

Brosnan presents a curious problem to sportswriters. Cincinnati reporters say they are definitely conscious of the fact that when they interview him, they themselves are being interviewed too. They are, therefore, extremely careful in their choice of words, for what they say is quite likely to show up in the new book Brosnan is writing about Cincinnati's pennant-winning year.

Bill Henry, 33, is a long, lean Texan who has been in and out of the majors since 1952. He doesn't talk much, so of course his nickname is Gabby. Henry is a left-handed relief pitcher who this year won two games and saved 16. He is likely to be used often in the Series against the Yankee left-handed sluggers, Maris, Berra and Blanchard.

Recently Henry was showing his teammates a new shotgun he had bought.

"What do you hunt with that?" he was asked.

"Ducks," he said.

"Where do you hunt?"

"Texas."

"Did you buy that gun here in Chicago?"

"Yup."

But then there is no rule in baseball that pitchers have to talk.

END



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New World of Worth continued on following pages

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Sensibly sized as this Chevy II is, it's amazingly generous with room. All sedans and 2-seat wagons (thanks to Body by Fisher finesse) tote six well-fed adults and just about anything they want to take along in the way of baggage. Beginning to sound good? Well, it'll sound even better when your dealer gives you the low-down on the price.



Chevy II 300 4-Door Sedan—all the II's have standard equipment heater and deltapacer.



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The Sporty Car in Chevrolet's New World of Worth



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In Milwaukee master-point hunters played through a fog.

EVERY MAN A BRIDGE MASTER

Thousands of U.S. bridge addicts are risking their lives and sanity for as little as .05 of a point

by **RAY CAVE**

To the happily unintimated and blissfully naive there are two kinds of pink slips: one a scintillating bit of lingerie, the other the deflating note that employers tuck into the final pay envelopes of discharged employees. But to the quarter million hopelessly obsessed duplicate-hrnde players in the U.S. the only important pink slip is a third type—the 5½-by-3½-inch paper reproduced on the next page that the American Contract Bridge League gives to the winners of the 6,000 tournaments it sanctions

each week. The pink slip usually represents a small fraction of what the ACBL calls a master point, and the master point is threatening to replace the Cadillac as the most coveted status symbol in suburbia. Competing in 4,000 clubs from Belfast, Me. to Bellflower, Calif., an ever-increasing number of bridge players are ignoring expense, tension, manners and mores to chafe pink slips with a fervor they once lavished on Martins, Monopoly and the country club dance.

The game these master-pointers play is called bridge, though it actually bears little resemblance to that friendly old card contest conducted by the fireside amidst peanuts, conversation and bourbon on the rocks. In its most common form duplicate bridge consists of about eight tables of players. Each East-West

pair is competing against every other East-West pair, while North-Souths are likewise attempting to beat each other. The cards are shuffled and dealt into hands only once, the hands then being placed in ohlong duplicate boards that have printed on them who is vulnerable, the hand number and other stage-setting information. When a card is played the player places it in front of him instead of putting it in the center of the table as he would in ordinary bridge. Once the hand is finished each player puts his own cards back into the proper compartment in the board. The score is recorded on a sheet that is also placed in the board. After a fixed number of hands all East-West pairs move clockwise to the next table, while the hands are moved counterclockwise.

The result of this game of musical chairs with cards is that by a session's end every East-West pair has played the same hands. The tournament director tabulates all scores on a master sheet that shows, often embarrassingly, how each pair fared on each hand, as well as who

continued

won. There is also, of course, a North-South winner. Because everybody plays identical hands there is no luck of the deal, making duplicate a game where the smallest mistake is as obvious as a full-back's fumble. Hence, no peanuts, no conversation, no bourbon: just three exhausting hours of ulcer-producing, home-wrecking, ego-shattering tension.

In return for this evening of agony, assuming it occurs at an ACBL-sanctioned event, the winners get as little as .16 of a master point, the award at a small weekly event, or as much as 125 special red points for a national event. The ACBL dutifully records each member's master-point total and publishes the lists showing who has how many points. Thus, in a subtle way, the poorest player in the smallest club is competing for status not only with every other Junior Master (the rookies who have from one to 19 points) but with Charles Goren himself (a Life Master, he tops the list with 6,358½ points tonight, and who knows how many more by tomorrow morning).

The ACBL, which admits that it is the master point that changed tournament bridge from the avocation of the few into the passion of the many, stumbled into its grading system almost by accident. It was in the early '30s that the league officially recognized its first "Masters." It gave this title to the winners of national championships. This meant there were so few Masters that when they got together they virtually needed a fourth for bridge. Since this would hardly do, it was decided to give the winners of a few lesser tournaments something called master points. By winning three such points a player could become a Master. This system for conferring a title and prestige excited the country's top bridge players, and the ACBL soon realized it might increase interest at all levels of the game if the gimmick were simply expanded. More and more tournaments were recognized, and higher and higher went the number of points needed to qualify as a Master.

By the late '30s the ACBL knew it was holding a promotional grand slam, and it began

to give away points, or fractions of points, at all of its tournaments. The league established a complicated system, which made the point award at tournaments proportionate to the level and numbers of competitors likely to be there. It also founded a superior point, called a red point, which could only be won in regional or national events where the competition was very tough. To attain certain exalted categories of Master,



Sobushka's newest status symbol is this master-point slip.

a player had to have red points in his competitive background.

With its grading system in order, the ACBL set its awards, eventually establishing the six classifications for players it has now. These begin with the Junior Masters, who have one point and get a most conspicuous white card to mark their achievement. There are 50,000 Junior Masters. Next come Masters, National Masters, Senior Masters, Advanced Senior Masters and, finally, Life Masters. There are 3,200 of these last, and they have 300 points or more, at least 30 of which are red points. They receive a glossy gold-tinted card, plus a lifetime ACBL membership, which saves them from paying league dues, \$2 a year. It is a modest saving at best, since it is estimated that entry fees and travel costs

cause even the best players to spend at least \$20 for every point they win.

If spending big sums of money—and, incidentally, keeping up with Goren—is not necessarily a great American game, keeping up with the Joneses is, and it is on this level particularly that duplicate bridge has boomed. First, the holder of a master point automatically qualifies as a figure of awe in a neighborhood bridge game. He can and will join such a game with feigned condescension, acting like Sam Sneed entering a Flag Day tournament at Happy Knoll. Once playing, he will be allowed to explain with cool erudition his own tactics to his rapt audience, and to tut-tut at the mistakes they have made. He will have, in short, a glorious chance to show off.

Second, the duplicate player has the constant opportunity to improve his status in his local bridge club's pecking order by getting more master points. He zealously attempts to achieve this, while every other club member is taking all possible measures to see that he does not succeed. The most avid pointsman will go so far as to hire professional partners for \$25 to \$100 a night to help him win. Duplicate thus becomes about as sociable as an off-tackle smash and as sporting as a zig-zag fight.

Yet the contestants in this national karate—with cards—are obviously having a wonderful time and wouldn't want things any other way, for they are competing now as they never have before. The ACBL has 10 times as many registered players as it did only 15 years ago. The number of sanctioned clubs has increased 25% in the last year. The league, smothering in a fall-out of its own pink

slips, has had to turn to IBM for a data-processing system that mechanically maintains the vital list of who is entitled to sneer at whom. (The ACBL got a panicky wire last week from a Dallas woman: "My child swallowed the card with my IBM number. Please telephone it collect today.") She was anxious to register some newly won points.) The increase in play has even forced the ACBL, for speedier handling, to change one type of its reporting slips from the classic pink to white.

continued



A duplicate tournament stops for no one, living or dead.



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ACBL tournaments now draw 1,000 competitors a week in Washington, D.C., 1,000 in Houston, 1,200 in Milwaukee, 800 in San Francisco and as many as 7,000 in Los Angeles, where a bridge extravaganza last June at the Ambassador Hotel was deluged with 30,000 entries in various events.

A sport that was once confined to such proper, staid and revered bridge clubs as New York's Cavendish Club, Detroit's Knickerbocker Bridge Club and the Contract Club of Kansas City is now being played in hotels, dance halls, shopping centers, YMCAs, church basements and fire houses. Private homes

won is a master point held forever.

Indianapolis "500" winner Rodger Ward has one point, and Giant Pitcher Stu Miller 15. Among musicians, Les Brown has 2, Paul Weston 12 and his wife Jo Stafford one. Author Laura Z. Hobson (3), Dr. Karl Menninger (1½), Artist Dong Kingman (1½) and Actor Stephen Chase (287) also play in tournaments.

Many others, forced to choose between careers and master points (it is hard to pursue both successfully), have given up the game. George Docking was considered a comer in Kansas bridge circles, winning 16 points his first year. Then the citizens inconsiderately elected him governor for two terms, and he has hardly had time to win a point since.



Master points establish the hierarchy of who may stare at whom

also are used; more than once crowded conditions have necessitated that tables be set up in bathrooms. The rear sections of bars sometimes are commandeered, and if Dietrich were again to ask what the boys in the back room would have, she probably would find them asking for aces—using the Gerber and Blackwood conventions, of course.

In Saratoga, Ont., which is near Detroit, a major sectional event was held in an old airplane hangar; Washington tournaments have been conducted in the cafeteria of the House Office Building and the Daughters of the American Revolution Hall, and an industrial league in Los Angeles plays weekly in tool rooms, at drafting boards and on factory front lawns. Even Leavenworth penitentiary is the site of weekly tournaments, though players there are understandably barred from playing in out-of-town events.

Among devotees to be found at these duplicate affairs are more than a few entertainers, politicians, sports figures and celebrities who understand that fame may be fleeting but that a master point

The single-mindedness of duplicate players, whether famous or unknown, has led to rare moments that, if they do nothing else, demonstrate to what extent the master-point neurosis grips them all.

When the Wisconsin Hotel in Milwaukee caught fire during a tournament a player went to the window, verified the firemen were on hand and announced, "The fire is here, but I'm sure they'll call us if it gets too bad." Play continued.

In another Milwaukee tournament a man slumped in his seat, fatally stricken with a heart attack. He was removed by ambulance. A substitute immediately filled his chair and picked up the victim's cards as play resumed. The deceased undoubtedly would have approved.

On the day of a sectional tournament in Kansas City last year a blizzard forced schools, businesses and industrial plants to close. But 104 of the expected 112 bridge players showed up, including a man who flew from Chicago, got rerouted to Denver and had to take a train back to Kansas City. Six master points could be won there.

continued



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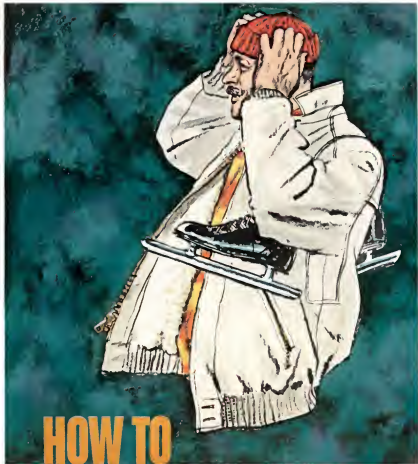
neering advances, also. For example, V-8 engines that earn top credits for economy and efficiency. All Chryslers have torsion-bar suspension, for the ride and handling and stability that matches Chrysler V-8 performance. All feature Unibody, the one-piece welded design that houses you in solid, quiet comfort. All bring you—an alternator that produces current even when your engine's idling; plus brand-new chassis fittings that need lubrication only at 32,000-mile intervals.

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 CYANAMID

One of the favorite, though presumably apocryphal, stories of the game concerns the bride who came home to mother on her wedding night crying. "All he did was talk about the duplicate tournament you and he played in last night," she wailed. "He started by explaining how he played the first hand, and when he got to hand No. 25 I ran out and came home to you."

"That's too bad," answered the mother. "The 25th hand was the most interesting of the night."

It was a more sporting, and very real, wife who couldn't get a hubby sitter the evening of a tournament being held in a Chicago hotel. So she took the infant with her. Midway through the competition the baby wouldn't take its bottle and began to cry. The noise disturbed the rest of the competitors, so the mother's table was moved into the hotel hall. When the baby still cried the mother opened her dress, discreetly fed the youngster in the natural fashion and continued to play against some presumably rattled opponents who must have forgotten their own conventions when the young lady forgot hers.

The ACBL is not only not surprised at such signs of point compulsion in its players, it expects them. "Every player is striving to advance himself into the next category, which not only impels him to play more often but increases his enthusiasm and enjoyment in the game," says the league in its handbook for clubs.

Any rubber-bridge player accustomed to the amenities of the neighborhood game would certainly wonder, as he first attempted to play duplicate, what enthusiasm and enjoyment the ACBL was talking about. Arriving at the local YWCA at 8 p.m. on a typical night, he and his partner find 20 to 50 of what he assumes are friendly fellow townspeople. Only now they look as worried and irritated as a hushhall team about to take the field against the Yankees. The player registers. Most ACBL clubs are open and he need not be a member to play. He pays a small entry fee (usually about \$1) and sits down with presumably as much chance to win as the next man.

By evening's end he has learned that an adequate ability at rubber bridge will not suffice for a duplicate game. There are several reasons. The competition is too tough, which it ought to be,

continued

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MASTER POINTS *continued*

When the novice finally takes his hand and manages to bid a quick, "One club," an LOL will ask sharply, "Are you playing the Hazard Inverse Transfee?" Somehow she manages to get across the simultaneous implication that if you aren't playing such a thing you should be, and if you are you shouldn't.

Eventually, when the newcomer has remembered not to shuffle the cards, not to play them in the center of the table and not to breathe, when the sweat has stopped trickling down his yellow spine and the face of his partner is again in focus across the table; in short, when he just begins to relax, one of the LOLs will suddenly bellow, "Director," loud enough to startle a sloth.

The official running the tournament advances sternly. Every pair of eyes at every table jerks up to look grimly at the novice, and there he sits, the Carl Chessman of the East Orange YWCA. He had burped. The LOLs claim he was trying to signal his partner.

When he finally finishes three hands against these Mesdames Deffarge the novice is amazed to see them smile sweetly, thank him and move off to the next table. Of course they thank him. They figure they have scored more points on those hands than anyone else possibly could during the rest of the night. Then two more sweet Little Old Ladies sit down.

Ridiculously, novices rarely give up. Pointsmanship triggers a hostile reaction. The peaceable card player gets so mad he is determined to come back next week and give it to some frail LOL right in the gizzard.

A couple of months of returning to

the same weekly tournament to get revenge on the same LOLs, and the beginner and his partner unexpectedly finish third. Next week he is handed a small pink slip of paper. Across the top it reads, "Fractional Master Point Certificate." It bears his name, and in a small box at the lower right is the figure .05. He has five-hundredths of a master point. These people are pretty friendly after all, he decides. Two weeks ago didn't one of them say hello?

He will now buy a five-foot shelf of the 1,000-odd bridge hooks available, read some of the six syndicated newspaper bridge columns and take lessons for \$20 an hour. He will find out about a Thursday night game in a church cellar and a Saturday afternoon game at a community center and a Sunday morning game in a closed hardware store. He will play five times a week, take his vacations during regional tournaments and develop insidious pointsmanship techniques of his own with which he tortures not only novices, but LOLs (he has found they usually are not the best players).

He may eventually travel from coast to coast to play in national events, take a bridge cruise (400 have signed up already for this year's trip to Hawaii) and a bridge tour of Europe.

In the course of doing all of these things he will have become a very good bridge player—the quality of tournament play has risen immeasurably since World War II, a fact bemoaned by some oldtime experts who find points coming harder than ever. And he will be a delighted insider among those quarter million happily combative cohorts for whom a pink slip of paper has become the Ticket to Everything. **END**



He burped and became the Carl Chessman of the East Orange YWCA



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Torino

*This stag-capped hunting lodge in the city
Americans know as Turin was built
by a Duke of Savoy. It is all lit up for a
ball celebrating the centenary of
the birth of modern Italy. As these pages
show, Torino—until this year almost
unknown to tourists—is one of Europe's
most varied sports centers*







After a morning of boating on the Po, two girls pause for coffee in the sun beneath the statue of King Emanuele Filiberto, which has come to be the symbol of Turin



At one rare track, Ennio Berlinguer, in rolling chalks, greets Licio Guala of Romano le Vesi and wife

Photographs by Jerry Cooke



Parties in Torino are among the most elegant in all of Italy. Here Eleanora Guala sips wine at a ball



An industrialist discusses the building of the new sports house with Mayor Pignatelli in Ristorante del Cavaliere



A HOT TOWN ON THE PO

by DORA JANE HAMBLIN

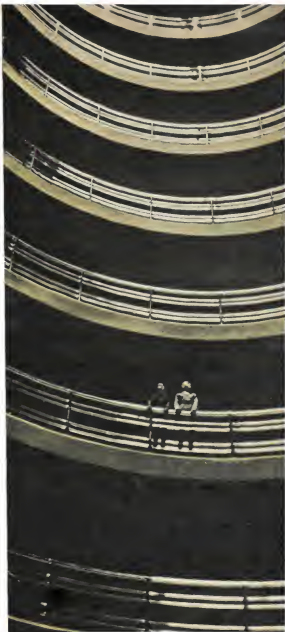
Take Detroit, add a pinch of Boston and a dash of Washington, garnish with Sun Valley to the north and a California beach to the south, sprinkle lightly with Aqueduct race track and a Colorado trout stream. And what do you have? Torino, a bustling city of a million-plus which was the first capital of modern Italy 100 years ago and now is its first-beating industrial heart.

Each pulse of Torino's heart spurts shiny new cars of daring design onto the highways of the world, for it is the home of Fiat, the Ford of Italy, of Lancia, and of men with magic names in the world of sleek, fast cars: Designers Sergio Pininfarina, Giovanni Machelotti, Nuccio Bertone and Ghia's Luigi Segre.

Their creations fill prosperous Torino's stately streets curb to curb, flit past the massive brickwork that was a city gate 2,000 years ago in Roman times, glide through piazzas of regal proportions, past baroque palaces and medieval churches, built when Torino was the seat of the House of Savoy. History has rushed past those ancient sovereigns and their monuments but not past Torino, whose current crown prince is Giovanni Agnelli, scion of the family that founded Fiat in 1899, sportsman and president of the organizing committee of the centenary exhibition "Italia 61," which has already brought more than 4 million visitors this year to see the gleamingly modern goods and services of the new Italy that Torino symbolizes. The exhibition will remain open through October.

continued

Giovanni Agnelli of Fiat (left) presides over "Italia 61" exhibition and striking shoe-shaped hotels of Rodiere (right)



In many ways Torino doesn't even seem Italian. Its streets run straight and meet at sensible right angles with the precision of a military camp (they should — Augustus' soldiers named the city *Augusta Taurinorum*). Its citizens are up bright and early, keep appointments on time, burst into song only in their showers. There are no strolling musicians, mendicants or soft-eyed young men seductively offering ballpoint pens for half price. Drivers stop at stop lights and almost never honk their horns.

Even the unruly river Po runs quietly

for it is hunting and fishing time in the Alpine valleys to the north. Trout, pheasant, quail, wild hare and partridge are there for the taking. The masochistic can even scramble off to trail the elusive chamois and Alpine ibex in the Val d'Aosta if they don't mind falling off an Alp or paying a healthy sum (\$150 and up) for the privilege of shooting.

At Ottino's fancy game shop on the Via Lagrange this time of year the window is full of boxes of gourmet-prized white truffles and plates of very small, very naked little birds. Every good restaurant in town has a special listing for game, and a Yank in Torino need not

image in a mirror on the opposite wall.

There is 'à la carte' dining where a vast menu lists north Italian specialties in four languages and has separate listings on the back for Russian, Indian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Viennese and Chinese dishes which will be prepared on request. Dining regularly at 'à la carte' dining is like a short course at the Berlitz School of Languages, with refreshments.

Both these restaurants and the more modest ones serve the best *crispino* in the world—the slimmest, crispest, best-tasting bread sticks to be had, and so specifically *torinese*, they say, that even exporting them to nearby Milano ruins their taste. Their taste is, in fact, elusive, as are many of the charms of Torino. This is not a city which overwhelms as does a Rome, a Florence, a Naples. Instead, it slips up as softly as a hunter in the hills, and charms the visitor over coffee in the vast Piazza San Carlo, which the *torinese* use as a civic living room, or while he is strolling past the discreetly elegant shops in the arcades which line all streets in the center of town. In the comfort of the arcades rain never falls, hot sun never assaults and shopkeepers are so courteous it seems a breach of etiquette not to buy.

It is hard to know to which country, to which century, Torino belongs. Tucked strategically between the western Alps and the Ligurian Sea, just at the point where the Po Valley levels out onto a fertile plain, it has absorbed wave after wave of conflicting cultures and conquests, ideas and conventions and more or less belligerent visitors. Hannibal conquered it once, I. J. Rasmus of Rotterdam studied in its famous university, and a descendant of the Dukes of Savoy became Victor Emmanuel II, first king of Italy. Mussolini and then the Allies swept that dynasty into the dustbin. Torino was bombed repeatedly and when the smoke cleared there were the *torinese* calmly making cars and vermouth and going skiing on their weekends.

With the tenacity of the south and the efficiency of the north they live in their strange mixture of Roman encampment, medieval court, galloping baroque (their churches drip angels and filigree as their statues do brivada) and the steel and glass of 20th century production lines and exposition halls. Consider the city on a sunny afternoon in late September. At the rear of Torino's best single building, the Palazzo Madama, a small fat child feeds pigeons on the great flat blocks of Roman pavement



Torino Designer Enzo Angera is shown in this photo with his 1963 Ferrari 250 GTO. The car is now in the collection of the Ferrari Museum in Modena.

in Torino, neatly encased in concrete banks and rows of recreation clubs that sport tennis courts and boules for hire. Parks and gardens dot the city, as does a vast collection of extraordinarily hellish-statuaries. In almost every square is a large bronze man waving a sword, sheathing a sword or perishing in the arms of a sorrowing (and usually nude) female angel. Stirring days they had indeed in Torino, but today the citizenry has beaten its swords into eating rods, its cannon into bird guns.

This time of year everyone in town wears the air-sifting alertness of the stag on top of the Stupinge Hunting Lodge,

apologize for being hungry at 12 noon and again at 7:30 at night. In Rome such hours are considered scandalous, and somnolent waiters have not yet donned either jackets or smiles, but in Torino one dines early — and very well.

Where better than at the famous *Ristorante del Cambio*, which has catered to the great and the busy in cravats-and-gold *fin de siècle* finery for 250 years in the same spot? *Cambio* was the favorite restaurant of the genius of Italian unity, Camillo Cavour, and even today the tricolor of Italy and a neat plaque mark the spot where Cavour sat and, evidently, stared across the room at his own

MEET J & F



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TORINO continued

under the shadow of massive towers. A few feet away an old man with a cape dozes in the sun beside a 15th century tower added to the same building. Around in front, under the august marble facade stuck onto the building by a capricious queen in the 18th century, khaki-clad carabinieri salute smartly while a plump lady from New York, wearing a brown silk suit and green makeup on her eyelids, has her picture taken by a fat Englishman named Harry with a flaring red mustache. Harry and the lady from New York are both attending an international hairdressers' convention in Torino, and nobody finds it odd at all, because *torinesi* have absorbed some of the tastes of all their epochs. They enjoy an Egyptian museum reputedly second only to that in Cairo, a museum of the cinema and one of medieval armor, and an automobile museum where the wonderful chuggers of yesterday are displayed in sequence leading to the sleek roasters of today. They are happy to share these things with the thousands who come for the three biggest annual events in the city, the International Automobile Show in October and November, the Show of Technical and Engineering Design in September and the spring and fall shows of ready-made clothing.

Torinesi also have a highly developed taste for horse racing, exercised at two tracks where trotters or flat racers run 100 days a year, and in June 3-year-olds compete for one of Europe's oldest cups, the \$16,000 Gran Premio

Principe Amedeo, first run in 1881.

In sport as in business the city is led by the ubiquitous Agnelli family. Emanuele Nasti, grandson of Fiat's founder and cousin of Giovanni Agnelli, is president of the organization that runs both tracks, president of the Polo Club and the Automobile Club of Torino. Giovanni Agnelli himself used to own and ride horses, was for several years president of Juventus, one of Torino's *calcio* (soccer) teams, until he passed that job to his younger brother Umberto. He likes golf, fast cars, motorboats, and was a fine skier until an auto accident stiffened one leg. He still maintains an interest in the ski resort of Sestriere, founded by his grandfather. Skiing is magnificent in Sestriere for five months of the year, and for the other seven there are fishing, one of the highest golf courses in the world and mountain climbing for the hardy. Just a bit farther from Torino is Cervinaz, at 6,600 feet, where skiing is good for 10 months of the year. And only two hours away from the city is the sea.

Virtually unknown as a tourist attraction during all its long life, Torino suddenly has been discovered, thanks to the automotive explosion to which it contributes so much and to the world attention gained by this year's centenary exposition. Now not only the Agnellis, the Nassis, the dozens of other notable noble and wealthy *torinesi* families but also the hairdressers from New York and the businessmen from Pittsburgh are aware of its strategic advantages as a jumping-off point for a sporting and sightseeing holiday.

END

TORINO TRAVEL FACTS

Getting There: Alitalia gets from New York to Milan make good 3 recurrent connections to Torino. B.L.A. has three weekly midday flights from London (2½ hours), and from Rome the express sleeper, leaving at 7:53 each evening, brings you there about 4 a.m. **Staying There:** Principe di Piemonte is an outstanding de luxe hotel. Single with bath is \$19. The Majestic, Lagrange and the Eglise, both first class, are about \$8 per day. **Eating:** A meal at the Cantino (see text) is a reasonable \$3 to \$4, with carafe of wine. Also notable are the plush Gato Nero (about \$5), the Gentilhom Grill Room of the Principe di Piemonte and "Le Caval" d'herbes. October specialties are *fossolina* con tartaric, a fondue of fontina cheese and white truffles, and *polenta*, northern Italy's classic corn-

meal disk, served with little game birds. Local red wines are Grignolino, Barolo and Barbera. Best white wine is Moscato. **Hunting and fishing:** Shooting season is Aug. 27 to Dec. 15, except in mountains, where season closes Nov. 30. Chief game is heath cock, quail, mallard and rare chamois (license \$150) and ibex (license \$400). Other licenses are easily obtainable by presenting U.S. state license, validated by U.S. consular in Torino, to local authorities. Month's hunting license is \$6 up, according to type of gun, all-inclusive fishing license \$6. Best fish are trout in mountain streams, lakes, Po tributaries. After trout season closes Oct. 15, *temolo*, member of trout family, is best till Dec. 1. Other fish include mullet, pike, carp—available nearly all year.



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A football soup with lots of beans

The best way to get warm, stay warm and yell your favorite football team to victory in the windy autumn chill is to plant a Thermos jug full of a good hot country soup on the tailgate at the very start of your station-wagon-and-stadium picnic. Martinis, whisky or hot buttered rum no doubt will supply their share of energy and central heating at the game, but a soup like this stays with you. It should be made at home, thick, savory and nourishing—so thick, in fact, that it will have to be ladled out of a large-mouthed Thermos and eaten with spoons from bowls.

Dried beans are the basis for some of the tastiest and most nourishing of such warming liquid meals. Vegetables strengthen them; and so, sometimes, does meat or rice—and, almost always, spices. Many of the bean soups have come down to us from peasant cookery, which had to supply cheap protein and nourishment rich enough to sustain a hard life in the open air—a life a football fan is likely to share, if only briefly.

Besides providing the strength to celebrate victory or to accept defeat gracefully, each of the various kinds of beans imparts a particular flavor to its soup. In addition, beans have a great capacity for absorbing other flavors, achieving an

amalgam of taste from a wide range of individual ingredients.

Probably the oldest of all soups is based on lentils; Esau is said to have sold his birthright for this particular mess of pottage. We don't know what Esau got in his soup besides lentils, but a modern version adds bacon, a ham bone, onions, carrots and celery. Nourishing and filling, warming right down to the pit of the stomach, it is a meal in itself. The late Frank Case of the Algonquin Hotel in New York used to say his lentil soup was bad for business, because no one wanted to spend anything on the rest of dinner after eating it.

Minestrone, a spicy Italian stand-by that has become familiar to Americans, is another widely known soup, in which beans are combined with virtually anything in the pantry—celery, zucchini, spinach, onions, peas, bacon, carrots, cabbage, tomatoes, leeks and parsley. If you have minestrone before the game you won't want even a hot dog during it. A Genoese version of the soup adds *pesto* just before serving—a wonderful aromatic compound of basil, garlic, olive oil and grated cheese. *Pesto* brings real zest into the meal, but you may have the bench to yourself after eating it.

An untraditional way of mocking the turtle uses the humble red bean, in New Orleans-style mock turtle soup. Red beans, fully as tasty as the calf's head that is the substitute in standard mock turtle, meld with wine, hard-boiled eggs, onion and garlic to make a soup of great taste and strength; a splash of Tabasco

and a pinch of cayenne increase the heat.

The smooth brown soup in the vacuum jug, on the opposite page is black bean, considered by many to be the best bean soup of them all. The black bean, so dark it is almost purple, originated in Central and South America and is still a staple there, as well as in Mexico. The beans found their way over the border into Texas, and Yankee traders brought them as far north as Connecticut, where there is a native version of the soup. Rich, and thick enough to hold its warmth for hours in a Thermos, black bean soup has a taste that is strong yet subtle. With slivers of avocado and slices of lime floating on top, it delights the eye as well as the palate.

Beans take well to canning, and there are some excellent canned soups on the market. But for maximum enjoyment the good picnic hostess owes it to herself, her entourage and the occasion to make black bean soup at home. It exudes a pleasant fragrance while cooking, and it tastes even better than it smells. The beans can be cooked the day before, cooled overnight and reheated and sieved the morning of the game if the trip is a long one. Otherwise it can be started in the morning and allowed to simmer tranquilly until just before it is time to leave.

BLACK BEAN SOUP

- 2 cups dried black beans
- 2 quarts cold water
- 1 small onion, sliced
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 stalks celery, chopped
- salt, pepper, hot mustard, cayenne
- Madeira (about a jigger per serving)
- 1 avocado
- 2 limes

Soak beans overnight, or at least 6 hours. In the morning drain and put in large heavy pot with water. Cook the onion in the butter for 5 minutes. Add onion and celery to beans. Simmer 3 or 4 hours until beans are soft, adding more water if needed. Put through a sieve. Reheat to boiling point and add the seasonings, well mixed together. Pour into scalded Thermos and serve. Add Madeira, slices of avocado and lime at the game. Serve at night.

Photograph by John C. Zimmerman

RICH BLACK BEANS are the basis for smooth brown soup about to be served from a vacuum jug at the pregame picnic. Avocado and limes are ready to be sliced and added with a splash of Madeira to each bowlful at serving time.

NOTRE DAME-OKLAHOMA

continues from page 27

about raising their hopes too high.

For one thing, it was a disservice to Oklahoma to call this year's Sooners a "comeback team." Perhaps they will come back from last year's 3-6-1 record, the worst at Norman in 37 years, but what Oklahomans have learned to call a good season is still a schedule or two away. The residue of several cautious recruiting years, when the Sooners were under NCAA probation, remains to plague Coach Bud Wilkinson. It is to the sophomores and freshmen of 1961 that Oklahoma must look, and this can be a pleasant view. Although sophomores made up most of the injury-riddled second team on Saturday, the same sophomores were undefeated as freshmen a year ago and will return for two more seasons, much healthier, it is hoped. As for the members of this year's freshman crop, five days after reporting for practice they scored four touchdowns against the varsity in a scrimmage.

Another factor for Irish fans to consider is the season that lies ahead. Notre Dame must yet face Purdue, Southern Cal, Michigan State, Northwestern, Navy, Pittsburgh, Syracuse, Iowa and Duke, a representative schedule for the Chicago Bears. And, finally, Joe Kuharich has nothing, really, with which to match the teams that went through five undefeated seasons for Leahy, winning three national championships for that controversial genius in the postwar years.

Fables and the Fabled

In the Leahy days, Notre Dame had a seemingly endless supply of passers who could throw a football through the nickel slot on a parking meter at 30 yards and linemen capable of throwing opposing ball carriers with equal accuracy for only slightly shorter distances. Irish halfbacks came equipped with wings and the fullbacks ran over people without even noticing a bump. Some of the names frighten you even today: Johnny Lujack, Emil Sitko, George Connor, Jim Martin, Bill Iwerh, Terry Brennan, Ziggy Czarobski and Marty Wendell, all of the 1947 team, Leon Hart, Bob Tonoff, Jim Muscheller, Jerry Groom, Bob Williams, Frank Tripucka, Ralph Guglielmi, Johnny Latner, Paul Hornung, Al Esuyer, Nick Pietrosante, Emil Mavroudes, Frank Varachione, Don Schaefer, Pat Bisceglia, Dick Lynch, just to mention a few dozen. Some of these later played for



NEW NOTRE DAME HERO GABERIO ELUOGBO ELUSES OKLAHOMA TACKLER ON WAY TO SCORE

Brennan, but they were recruited under the Leahy regime, and Kuharich can be pardoned for wishing that a few had been left over for him, too.

Strangely enough, however, Kuharich is under little or no pressure, win or lose—which is not what one hears on the street corners outside of South Bend. There exists in America a great deal of misinformation about Notre Dame. Part of it stems from alumni who attended Waterford Normal or South Georgia T&T or P.S. 61 and have never been within 500 miles of the Golden Dome. They are Notre Dame alumni, nevertheless, and they are happy to tell you what they think. What they think is that Notre Dame has to win. Look at what happened to Terry Brennan.

Today everyone on the Notre Dame campus loves Terry Brennan. He was a wonderful young man, intelligent, trustworthy, loyal, etc. The only trouble, they will tell you in retrospect, is that maybe he wasn't a very good coach. And some people defend even his coaching skills. "It could have happened to anybody," says Moose Krause, the athletic director. "Terry came in after Leahy's great years and there had to be a letdown. Why, even Rockne had a bad

year in '28 and Leahy had one in 1950. Terry just got caught in the cycle."

"Naturally, we would like to have a winning football team," says the Rev. Edmund P. Joyce, executive vice-president of the university and chairman of the faculty board in control of athletics, "but it is not so important as all that. I can understand the attention the football team has received, because of its record in the past, but you must remember that Notre Dame is a great academic institution and it has been for many years. If boys on the football team develop well, do good work in class, keep the game in its proper perspective as part of campus life and also win, that is wonderful. But if they lose, yet answer those other requirements, then we can hardly be disappointed."

"Alumni?" asks Father Joyce. "They remain interested but they allow us to run the school."

Kuharich, although he is not much of a hand with excuses, has plenty available to explain his two less-than-sensational seasons at Notre Dame in which the Irish lost more games (13) than Rockne's teams lost in 13 years or Leahy's in 11. The main problem has been a dismaying number of injuries, which are worth

looking at, even if they are history now. In '59 Kuharich lost Land for the season, Red Mack, potentially his finest running back, and George Izo, perhaps the best college passer in the country when he did play. And last year disaster really struck, as if it had only been warming up before. At one time or another, no fewer than nine boys who had been counted on as starters were missing, plus a large supporting cast. Some were out for the

greater part of the year: Red Mack again, Bob Scarpitto, Land, George Sefcik, Tom Heccomovich, John Powers, Ed Hoerster, Gerry Gray, Myron Pottos and John Lineham. Yet Notre Dame lost four games by only a touchdown and another by a single point. It was enough to make Kuharich's hair begin to turn gray—which it has.

But this is another year and a bigger, more experienced and unquestionably

healthier Notre Dame team. It has stout defense, a fine offensive line and the running of Dubero and Land. It has spirit and the backing of the loudest, loudest student body in the entire land. And there is a vast tradition under the Golden Dome that others can hardly hope to match.

So send a volley cheer on high, Old Notre Dame will win—at least through the first game.

END

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

Almost before the nation's stadiums had emptied their huge crowds from the first full football weekend of the year, it was evident that most teams were performing as expected and that the best teams could be found, as usual, in the Southeastern Conference, the Southwestern and, particularly, the Big Ten. There were, however, two large surprises. One game in the SEC, where Mississippi, Alabama and Auburn got away on schedule only to find they had been joined by determined Georgia Tech. The other, in the SWC, found TCU stepping smartly alongside Baylor and Texas, perhaps feeling that someone, after all, ought to take up the slack left by fallen Rice. If there was anything unexpected about the Big Ten, it was only that things look even brighter than usual for visitors to the Midwest.

THE MIDWEST

It is well known that Ohio State's Woody Hayes has always considered the pass an intrusion on the game of football, but this year he promised to use it occasionally and by Saturday night he was probably thankful that he had. While the Buckeyes, as expected, gave the half most of the time to fullback Bob Ferguson (he earned 35 times for a total of 137 yards), it was a very big two-yard flip from Quarterback Bill Minkowski to End Chuck Bryant in the first quarter that saved the day against surprising TCU. Or the rest of the afternoon, Ohio State defended against the giant-size passes of TCU's 6-foot-7 Sonny Gibbs, who finally let loose with one for 62 yards to Pete Hall and another for 12 yards to Dale Glascock to draw the Frogs even at 7-7 in the last period. "The worst game I ever coached," moaned Hayes. "It was worse than the boys and they were pretty terrible."

Minnesota and Illinois had even more to complain about. The plodding Gophers

made more mistakes than a Little League and lost to Missouri 6-0 in the rain, snow and wind at Minneapolis. With the clemens limiting offense to punting, praying and, on rare occasions, posing, Missouri managed to combine all three long enough in the second quarter to score. Sophomore Daryl Kingman's 51-yard kick bounced out on the one-yard line, and, when Sandy Stephens' return boot went only as far as the 30, the Tigers had their chance. Mike Hunter's pass to Carl Crawford put the ball on the six and, three plays later, Bill Tobin lunged over for the only touchdown. Illinois was victimized by Washington's improving ground game and lost 20-7. Quarterback Kermit Jorgensen moved the Huskies effectively, twice scored from the one-yard line and handed off to speedy Charlie Mitchell, who ran 66 yards for the last score.

The rest of the Big Ten did considerably better. Iowa, rich in halfbacks but even more affluent at quarterback, where Wilburn Hollis is one of the best, ran over California 28-7. Michigan State ground down Wisconsin 20-0 as it conceded short passes to Quarterback Ron Miller (he completed 16 of 25 for 184 yards) but rarely any long ones. Michigan, crashing its ends and line-backers with a recklessness usually reserved for the pros, stifled UCLA's single wing, then gave the ball to Bill Tenneloff, Dave Raimy and Ken McRae, who each scored once in a 29-6 victory. Northwestern, too, looked good. The Wildcats, unveiling a secret weapon in Sophomore Bill Swangle, who ran for three touchdowns, bombed Boston College 45-0.

Kansas was still the biggest mystery in the Big Eight. Not even Quarterback John Hudl, who passed miserably and ran hardly at all, was able to lift the little Jayhawks, who were held to a 6-6 tie by Wyoming. The Cowboys, playing for most of the game



BACK OF THE WEEK: TCU's Sonny Gibbs threw, using touchdown passes, killed a late Husky threat with an interception.



LINEMAN OF WEEK: Bill Minkowski. Tackle Jon Schopf scored UCLA's pass-and-run option plays with his fierce tackling.

without the injured Chuck Larsen, hampered Kansas with firm defense, got enough passing from sub Andy Meloy, who threw a 17-yard touchdown pass to Halfback Mike Walker to force a tie. Colorado smothered Oklahoma State with long runs by Olympic Sprinter Teddy Woods (82 yards) and Leon Mayby (60 yards) and a 54-yard field goal by Jerry Holchrand to win 24-0. But Nebraska had to settle for a 14-14 tie with Arizona. The top three:

1. MISSOURI (2-0)
2. IOWA (1-0)
3. OHIO STATE (0-0-1)

THE EAST

For more than 30 minutes, Pat's bruising linemen had Baylor's swift backs battered solid as a hatch. They poured in on Quarterback Ron Stanley and surrounded Ronnie Hull. The Panthers led 13-1 on End Al Grighianis' 40-yard sprint with an interception and Fred Cox's 16-yard end run. But the Bears soon caught on to northern ways—and Pat. They found a soft spot at Pat's right tackle, sent Hull squirting through for valuable yardage, and Stanley did the rest. With Panthers hanging all over him, Stanley passed four yards to Bob Lane, 12 more to Jim Ingram, and Baylor won 16-13.

Syracuse was less than impressive against surprisingly tenacious West Virginia. The suddenly pesky Mountaineers stacked their defenses to thwart 4 line Davis, gave Coach Ben Schwartzwalder an anxious second half and trailed 21-14 with 2:18 left. But Quarterback Dave Sarette, who had pitched two touchdown passes, tossed a third to Davis.

continued

FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

and the Orangemen pulled ahead 29-14.

While Pat stumbled and Syracuse bumbled, Villanova showed off its newly discovered talents against Holy Cross. Quarterbacks Rich Richman and Ted Aceto ran and passed the Wildcats to three scores and Villanova dampened the Crusader spirit 20-6. Army's punishing ground game was too much for Boston U. and the Cadets piled up a 31-7 victory, while Navy, making the most of Ron Kleinick's passing, rolled over William & Mary 44-6.

Among the Ivy Leaguers, Yale kept its winning streak alive by beating Connecticut 18-0, but the Elis may soon be in for trouble. Columbia ran, passed and defended skillfully to trounce Brown 30-0. Cornell, using its new loosely held offense, overwhelmed Colgate 34-0; Penn beat Lafayette 14-7, and Dartmouth defeated New Hampshire 28-3. Only Harvard and Princeton faltered: The Crimson lost out to Tufts 22-17 when Center Charlie Craze pounced on a Harvard fumble in the end zone with 2 minutes to go. Rutgers continued a happy habit and beat Princeton, 16-13. The top three:

1. SYRACUSE (2-0)
2. PITT (1-1)
3. BORN STATE (2-0)

THE SOUTH

Georgia Tech's players gave notice that hospitality has not died in the South by literally giving Rice the shirts off their backs. When both teams appeared in Atlanta with white jerseys, Tech lent its Texas rivals a set of blue ones. However, the lesson in politeness ended with shocking suddenness as Quarterback Stan Gann proceeded to run through, pass over, fake out and pick apart the defenses of the Owls, ultimately decelerating them 24-0. A hot-and-cold operator until Saturday, the stumpy Gann used rollouts and passes to Halfbacks Bill Williamson and Joe Auer to lead a touchdown drive the first time the Yellow Jackets got the ball, then moved center plunges with more rollouts and passes to score twice more. Coach Bobby Dodd, pleased with his new-look, wide-open offense, said simply: "We didn't make mistakes. It was the kind of game that makes coaching fun."

Atlanta was not the only place where traditionally defense-minded SEC teams showed signs of a change. Auburn, stunned by the passing of Tennessee Tailback Glenn Glass, recovered from a 21-7 first-quarter deficit to win, 24-21, on a 22-yard field goal by sophomore Woody Woodall. Alabama, looking not at all like the championship contender it is supposed to be, got its only touchdown on a Pat Trammell pass, then added a field goal to nudge stubborn Tulane 9-0. Ole Miss took Kentucky in stride 20-6, while Georgia howed 21-0 as Vanderbilt Quarterback Hank Lesawie threw for three scores. LSU bounced back to beat Texas A&M 16-7; Florida and

Florida State wound up with a 3-3 tie.

North Carolina took advantage of a recently exposed weakness in the right side of the N.C. State line to build a 27-10 lead, then hung on to win 27-22 while State's Roman Gabriel completed nine passes in the last 13 minutes. Halfback Gib Carson scored three times for North Carolina, whose linebackers earned the praise of Coach Jim Hickey by rushing Gabriel enough to keep him off balance until the game was out of reach. In another ACC meeting, dark horse Maryland beat fellow dark horse Clemson 24-21, when Reserve End John Hanington kicked a field goal from the 13-yard line with eight seconds to play. Duke had little trouble with rejuvenated but still struggling Virginia and won 42-0 while Dean Findley's field goal gave South Carolina a 10-7 margin over Wake Forest. Southern Conference favorite Furman was again, driving 87 yards in the fourth quarter to edge George Washington 13-9. The Citadel won over Davidson 20-12 while VMI held off Richmond 8-6.

Running draw plays with such regularity and such success that 46,000 people in the Orange Bowl wondered if Penn State had ever seen the maneuver before. Miami routed the favored Nittany Lions 25-8. Actually, Miami Coach Andy Gustafson was merely taking advantage of well-founded suspicion that State's big line would be pressing Quarterback George Mira. It did, but Mara and Bobby Weaver passed anyway, completing seven to End Bill Miller for 114 yards. The top three:

1. MISSISSIPPI (2-0)
2. GEORGIA TECH (2-0)
3. MIAMI (2-1)

THIS WEEK'S LEADERS

(NCAA statistics)

SCORING	TD	PAT	FG	PTS	
Pedro, West Texas State	9	0	0	54	
Wright, Memphis State	6	0	0	36	
Pilot, New Mexico State	5	0	0	30	
RUSHING	Y	YDS.	AVG.		
Campbell, Furman	52	350	6.73		
Pedro, West Texas State	32	335	10.47		
Pilot, New Mexico State	46	279	6.07		
PASSING	A	C	PCT.	YDS	TD
Gallegos, San Jose St	54	36	68.7	435	5
Melin, Washington St	57	30	52.6	312	2
Woolam, Kentucky	61	29	47.6	332	0
TOTAL OFFENSE	Y	P	YDS.		
Gross, Dikron	85	415	500		
Wright, Memphis State	118	303	441		
Gallegos, San Jose State	19	435	416		
TOTAL TEAM OFFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAME	AVG.	
Northwestern	66	488	488		
Texas	142	967	483.5		
Memphis State	175	1,398	446		
TOTAL TEAM DEFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	GAME	AVG.	
Dartmouth	49	58	58		
Columbia	49	85	85		
Yale	47	94	94		

THE SOUTHWEST

Texas presented J. T. King, a Longhorn player and coach for 10 years, with a cowboy hat and a pair of shiny boots before the game, then thrashed his Texas Tech team 42-14. The Longhorns' new single-wing-type T, with the fullback and left half deep and the right half out a yard beyond the end, piled up 391 yards rushing, including big chunks of 72 by wiggly Jim Saxton and 62 by Ray Pruett. For variety, Quarterback Mike Cotten completed seven out of eight passes for 104 more yards. Arkansas, still having its troubles, waffled in the mud most of the afternoon at Fayetteville, beat Tulsa 6-0 on Quarterback George McKinney's third-quarter touchdown. The top three:

1. BATON ROUGE (2-0)
2. TCU (1-0-1)
3. TEXAS (2-0)

THE WEST

All last week Utah Coach Ray Nagel had muttered, "We can't let them fake us on reverses, we'll just have to fan in on them. If they start gaining on passes, shed a tear for me. You'll know I'm in a dilemma." Last Saturday night Nagel was in a dilemma, but only in the opening minutes when Oregon recovered a fumble and went on to a touchdown. Then, the big Redskin linemen took hold, the fan swept in beautifully and the swift Duck backs were contained. Fullback Bud Tynes plunged for scores in the second and fourth periods, and the Redskins had their victory 14-6.

It was tougher for fumbling Utah State, which found itself trailing Washington State 14-13 with 12 minutes to go. At that point Quarterback Mel Montalbo, who usually throws, saw an opportunity to run and went over from the eight-yard line. The Aggies quickly ran for two more touchdowns and won 14-14. Even last-place Montana had its day, routing New Mexico, 40-8.

Despite the misfortunes of UCLA and Cal in the Midwest, it wasn't all darkness and despair for the Big Five. USC, its passing game hemmed in by SMU, switched sophomore Willie Brown from right to left half and shook him loose for a 95-yard touchdown run the first time he got his hands on the ball. Brown gained another 90 yards on 12 carries and the Trojans won 21-16. But the biggest shocker occurred at Corvallis, where Stanford trounced Oregon State 34-0. Pushed around by the Beavers, 269 yards to 107 yards, in a scoreless first half, the Indians did some pushing of their own in the last two periods. Quarterback Rod Sears threw for one touchdown, set up two more with his passes and faked Oregon State went down with a crash that left Coach Tommy Prothro fuming: "It's the first time I've ever had that quit." The top three:

1. WYOMING (2-0-0)
2. UTAH (2-0)
3. STANFORD (2-0)

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Booms over Navy.* Manta's skills are too plentiful, and the Muddies will be in over their heads against the rough Hurlaganes.

Georgia Tech over LSU. Stan Ginn has put some sting into the 'Yellow Jackets' attack. He will find holes, even in the stubborn LSU defense.

North Carolina over Clemson. Two good running games clash head on, but North Carolina will find a way to outlast Frank Howard's usually stalwart defenders.

Syracuse over Maryland: The Orangestown could stumble over the Terps, but Eric Davis' running and Dave Sarette's passing should see Syracuse through.

TCU over Arkansas. The big TCU line, so impressive against Kansas and Ohio State, will swim all over the smaller Razorbacks.

Gain State over UCLA: The Bruins may be the best in the Big Five, but the Big Ten is another matter. The hunkering Buckeyes are too tough for UCLA.

Notre Dame over Purdue: A spot for an upset if the Irish can't find a passing game to help their fine running backs.

Colorado over Kansas. The disappointing Jayhawkers are having too much trouble getting off the ground. Sounder defense and faster backs will win for Colorado.

Pitt over Washington. The Hinkies are improving, but they still aren't strong enough to cope with the bigger Panthers.

Wyoming over Utah State. The Aggies have been sputtering and may not be able to restrain Wyoming's quicker linemen and more talented quarterback, Chuck Lamon.

Other games

ALABAMA OVER VANDERBILT
ARIZONA OVER KENTUCKY
BOSTON OVER BOSTON COLLEGE
CHICAGO OVER ARMY
MINNESOTA OVER GASKON
NEBRASKA OVER KANSAS STATE
OKLAHOMA OVER IOWA STATE
PRINCETON OVER COLUMBIA
SMITHSON OVER CONNECTICUT
TENNESSEE OVER MISSISSIPPI STATE

^aProtein weight ratios.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:

11 01207, 6 000000, 3 7156

SEASON 5 RECORD: 27-9-6



NEW FACES: USC's Willie Brown (left) scored on a 93-yard end run, gained 183 yards in 11 carries against SMU. Darl Krogman's superb punting set up Missouri's touchdown, kept Minnesota bottled in for most of the day.



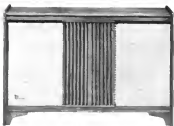
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Britain gently lifts a pound of flesh

A catamaran from England avenged her country's defeat in the 1958 America's Cup by politely slaughtering the fastest sailboat in the U.S.

In a crisp northeast breeze off Sea Cliff, N.Y. last week, two sailboats—one British and one American—took the starter's gun and headed off to windward. Both the boats were new this summer, and neither one had ever raced the other before. In fact, the entire regatta for the International Catamaran Challenge Trophy was being held for the very first time. Yet before the smoke of the gun had drifted off to leeward everyone in the spectator fleet on Long Island Sound had the odd feeling that he had watched this same race somewhere before. Perhaps at Newport, in 1958, in the competition between 12-meter sloops for the America's Cup?

As at Newport, a British challenger was meeting an American defender in a best-of-seven match-race series. And just as before, one boat immediately began to knife ahead, pointing high, moving fast, a thing of power, pride and efficiency. Once again, the trailing boat plunged and porpoised, throwing spray, scooping solid water, getting nowhere. For all practical purposes the race was over by the time the boats made their first tack.

But one thing was different at Sea Cliff: whereas in 1958 the U.S. boat had overwhelmed the invader, this time it was the British challenger, the 24-foot catamaran *Helicat*, that cut cleanly through the seas while the American defender, *Wildcat*, hobby-horsed astern. *Helicat* worked out a lead of approximately a quarter of a mile going into the second weather leg, when *Wildcat* withdrew after striking submerged driftwood. That afternoon the British skipper, John Fisk, sportingly offered the American boat a day off for repairs. Then, just as sportingly, he defeated it

in the second race. The wind blew 16 to 18 knots, with gusts up to 26. And *Helicat* surged away from the American boat so fast in the choppy water that the 27-foot powerboat from which I was watching the race could barely stay even with her. Early in the race the wallowing *Wildcat* again was forced to retire, with one hull awash, the temporary repair unable to stand the strain.

This time, under the terms of the regatta, Fisk could have gone home with the trophy. However, he gave the U.S. two free days for more repairs—and then suffered his only defeat, a fluky, inconclusive loss in patchy, dying wind. But on the next two days *Helicat* won both races to drive home what she had demonstrated on the first day—that England is almost as far ahead of the U.S. in the design of modern, day-sailing catamarans as she was behind at Newport in the design of 12-meter sloops.

Keep it clean

The designer of the English cat, 28-year-old Rodenick Macalpine-Downie, seems to have succeeded for many of the same reasons that Olin Stephens succeeded with *Columbia* in 1958. *Helicat* is beautiful, clean and functional, a reminder that naval architecture remains an art as well as a science. In this, she is like *Columbia*; and, in fact, her designer is a great admirer of Olin Stephens. Like *Columbia*, *Helicat* is sharp and fine forward, but full aft. According to her designer, these unbalanced ends prevent her from hobby-horsing, the speed-killing hobble that the fuller-bowed *Wildcat* suffered whenever the water became choppy. *Helicat* employs no gadgets or special gimmicks. Her performance seems to be a matter of perfect proportions



BEAUTIFULLY BALANCED BRITISH CAT

and ratio of sail area to hull length. Finally, Macalpine-Downie has no especial preoccupation with weight; *Helicat* is 650 pounds, against 514 for *Wildcat*. In theory, this extra poundage should be fatal in light to moderate winds; but as so often happens with a well-balanced craft, the weight proved no real drawback in light air and was an asset when the wind piped up.

With the American boat, on the other hand, there seemed to be an almost fanatical fixation on weight and gadgetry, as though the magic of making a boat move lay wholly in a slide rule. *Wildcat*'s hulls are canted outward 5°. Inside her wing deck she has a series of wheels to raise and lower asymmetrical airfoil-section plastic centerboards, which are themselves toed in 2° from the centerline to provide a theoretical lift to



SKIMS OVER THE WAVES AT 20 KNOTS

windward. She is, all around, a marvel of invention. And, until *Helfaut* showed up, she seemed to be something of a marvel in speed—she won nine straight races against all comers to earn the honor of meeting the British boat in the new challenge series. She is, at this time, the best day-sailing catamaran we have. But she is certainly a long way from being the best in her class.

Watching the second race, in which *Helfaut* tried vainly to keep up with the flying Englishmen, Bob Baxter, a member of the committee that picked the defender, summed up *Helfaut*'s problems—and the problem now confronting all U.S. designers. "*Helfaut* goes faster than any other boat in the country, including the 12-meters," he said. "It is simply that the British have come up with something better."

END

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The final week

New York won 109 games, Philadelphia lost 107. A look at what happened, and why it did, in the best and worst during 1961

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Mayor Robert Wagner proposed a ticker-tape parade to honor the New York Yankees. Co-owner Dan Topping, however, cited "the pressure of getting ready for a World Series" and declined. There are no parades for second-place teams, but the **Detroit Tigers** can be proud of their record. Their 101 wins were the Tigers' highest total since 1934. Superb pitching by Jim Bunning, Don Mossi and Frank Lary (23-9) carried the team a long way. Bunning, however, won only two of his last seven starts, Mossi one of his last six. Hard hitting by Rocky Colavito (45 HRs and 140 RBIs), Norm Cash (41 HRs, 132 RBIs and a league-leading .361 BA) and Al Kaline (.324) also kept the Tigers in contention for a long time. **Baltimore** started poorly, then got exceptional pitching and won 60 of its last 94 games but was never really in the pennant race. Jack Fisher, at age 22, became one of baseball's most famous home run pitchers. In 1960 Ted Williams hit his 521st and final home off Fisher, and last week Roger Maris got his 60th of the season against him. Chicago, too, got off to a bad start and was in last place on June 10. Most difficult to understand was the failure of 1960 ERA Champion Frank Beaman, who lost his sinker ball and finished with a 5.60 ERA,

the second worst in the league. **Cleveland** Manager Jimmie Dykes was left standing, both literally and figuratively. One player lost week led the driver of the airport bus to leave Minnesota's Metropolitan Stadium 15 minutes early, stranding Dykes. On top of that, GM Gabe Paul, who apparently was displeased with Dykes's handling of players, would not reveal whether or not Jimmie would be replaced. Then, on the final day, Dykes got the news: he could go home and sit down, permanently. The Indians' decline could be traced back to June 18. They had won the first game of a doubleheader from the Orioles and led 5-0 after one inning of the second. Cleveland went on to lose that game and to struggle to stay in the first division. **Boston's** downfall stemmed from a lack of right-hand power, the failure of Pitchers Ike Delock (6-9), Tom Brewer (score arm for much of the season) and Billy Muffett (2-11), and a road record of 26-55. Without Rookie Don Schwall, who joined the team late in May and won 15 games, the Red Sox would have wound up even lower. Schwall's natural sinker ball ("I even throw it to low-ball hitters such as Maris and Mantle") is ideal for Fenway Park's cigar-box dimensions, and he was 10-2 at home. **Minnesota** fans felt Pedro Ramos and Camilo Pascual might

win 40 or more games between them. They came closer to losing 40: Ramos lost 20, Pascual 16. Another disappointment was Jim Lemon, whose home run total fell from 38 to 14. **Los Angeles** got fine results from several players picked up after the start of the season and completed its first season with 70 wins. The Angels, one year old by big league standards, accomplished this despite the fact that they made 189 errors and gave up 180 home runs, both major league highs. Lee Thomas, obtained from the Yankees, batted .285, hit 24 homers and had 70 RBIs. Leon Wagner was purchased from the minors and came through with 28 home runs and 78 RBIs. And Bob Rodgers, called up in the final weeks, delivered clutch hits and looked like a big league catcher. No team wanted to be the first to finish 10th in major league history, so it seemed fitting that **Kansas City** and **Washington** should share ninth. Norm Sieben (.296 and 98 RBIs) was the Athletics' only reliable hitter. Early in the season Manager Joe Gordon had said, "I can put a better team on the field than the Red Sox." On June 19 he was no longer fielding teams; he was replaced by Hank Bauer. The Athletics' 90 homers were the fewest hit by any team in either league, and their 4.76 ERA was the worst, so it made little difference who was putting the team on the field. **Washington** had the best spring training record (the Yankees and Reds, oddly, finished at the bottom of the preseason standings) and, with the best pitching in the league during the early weeks, stayed in the first division. Then, suddenly, the pitching turned into the worst in the AL and the team skidded. Dick Donovan, however, survived injuries that sidelined him for 66 days and had the best ERA in the majors, 2.40.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Any one of five teams, the experts said, could win the NL pennant. So **Cincinnati**, not one of the five, won it. **Los Angeles** had

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

NATIONAL LEAGUE	BA*	HR	TS
Cin. Ponder	.363	Robinson	37
LA. Mays	.359	Robinson	18
St. Casper	.351	Casper	46
Mil. Aaron	.327	Arbush	35
SIL. Boyer	.326	Boyer	24
Phi. Clemente	.321	Stallard	35
Chi. Albritton	.320	Baxter	29
Phi. Gonzalez	.277	Demeter	21

AMERICAN LEAGUE

NY. Maris	317	Maris	61
Det. Calk	316	Calk	45
Balt. Gentile	307	Gentile	46
Chi. Yount	295	Smith	26
Clev. Pritchett	271	Richard	77
Bos. Yount	264	Gage	19
Wash. Bailey	267	Kubacka	66
LA. T. Thomas	263	Wagner	78
Wash. O'Connell	260	Quinn	18
KC. Sieben	256	Sieben	18

*Qualifies only

RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammates Runs In*	Runs Produced
Wash. SF (200)	129	83	212
Baltimore Cin (203)	117	87	204
Aaron Mil (217)	125	80	205
Casper SF (213)	109	96	205
Boyer SIL (229)	109	71	180
Pomer Cin (244)	161	71	232
Gonzalez Phi (243)	167	86	253
Shaw Phil (261)	83	42	125

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Colavito Det (290)	129	95	224
Mays NY (248)	119	81	200
Calk Det (261)	118	81	199
Mantle NY (211)	111	74	185
Gentile Balt (202)	86	95	181
Kalene Det (210)	106	63	170
Kubacka Minn (208)	94	76	170
Minnor Chi (200)	81	68	149

*Derived by subtracting HRs from BA

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING

NATIONAL LEAGUE	W	Loss	ERA
Cin. O'Toole	178	127	2.07
LA. Kousser	269	2 with	18
St. McCormack	167	Miller	14
Wash. Sieben	175	Straker	21
SIL. Sieben	194	2 with	14
Phi. Sieben	145	Frederick	13
Chi. Sieben	156	Casper	11
Phi. Mahaffey	154	Mahaffey	11

AMERICAN LEAGUE

NY. Ford	215	Ford	25
Det. Kousser	269	2 with	18
Balt. Estrada	166	Baker	18
Chi. Pomer	167	Pomer	14
Clev. Bell	162	Gentile	15
Bos. Wright	161	Schwall	15
Minn. Pomer	221	Pomer	14
LA. McGee	178	McGee	12
Wash. Sieben	197	Donovan	24
KC. Archer	188	Shaw	12

Based statistics for complete season

so much talent that Manager Walt Alston said, "If we lose a game before July 15th there will probably be an investigation." By July 15 the Dodgers had lost 37 times. Danny Murtaugh, the Pirate manager, may inadvertently have explained the Dodgers' trouble last spring. A sportscaster trying to get Murtaugh's opinion of the Dodgers asked, "They really have a plethora of talent, don't they?" To which Murtaugh said, "Yeah, but do they have any depth?" San Francisco's Orlando Cepeda (.311 BA, 46 HRs, 142 RBIs) outlit Willie Mays (.308, 40 HRs, 123 RBIs), but the infielders were erratic and the pitching was spotty. Still, the Giants' .85 was were their best total since they won the 1954 pennant with .94. The Milwaukee Braves, the highest-salaried players in baseball, floundered in the second division for three months. When they did start to win it was too late. Warren Spahn will nevertheless long remember 1961. He pitched a no-hitter against the Giants in April, and in August won his 300th game. On July 24th his record was 9-12, but he then won 12 of his last 13, making him a 20-game winner for the 12th time. Milwaukee attendance was almost a million below its all-time high. Not even free key chains, change purses or the music of Steve Swedish's Doeland band could lure the fans to County Stadium. St. Louis had the best at-home record in the league (.48-.29) but was last in home runs with 101. This dearth of power, coupled with the absence of a dependable shortstop and with Ernie Broglio's arm miseries and resultant 9-12 record, led to the Cardinals' fall from third to fifth. Pittsburgh fell even farther. The much-talked-of spirit that spurred the Pirates on last year did not die easily, but a 12-11 loss to the Phillies late in June was a tip-off that the Pirates were in trouble. A major shortcoming was their inability to match their late-inning comebacks of a year earlier. Last season the Pirates won 28 games from the sixth inning on, this year just 15. Chicago's multiple-coach system did not help Phil Wrigley, owner and chewing-gum executive, double his pleasure. Don Cardwell learned to keep his fast ball low, and his ERA stayed down, too. In all, he won 15 games. George Altman (.303, 26 HRs, 96 RBIs) and Rookie Billy Williams (.278, 25 HRs, 86 RBIs) were solid hitters but shabby outfielders. Ernie Banks had eye and knee troubles, and the Cubs may trade him to get some pitching help. Now that the Reds have won, it is the Cubs who have gone the longest without a pennant. They last won in 1945. On opening day the Philadelphia Phillies were riding a bus through Los Angeles on their way to the game when Frank Sullivan said, "Isn't this season ever going to end?" That bus ride might have been long, but the season stretched on interminably for the Phillies, who lost 107 games, 23 of them in a row. Yes, Frank, it's all over now.

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AMATEUR SPORT / Tex Maule

The revolt spreads

The AAU lost more ground last weekend when four new groups began to move toward self-rule

The AAU domination of amateur athletics in the U.S., which began to crumble two weeks ago with the defection of track and field coaches and athletes (SI, Sept. 25), may have come to an end in almost all sports as a result of an informal meeting in Chicago last week.

The dissident basketball groups of this country, locked in a struggle with the AAU for control of that sport on the international level, blueprinted for representatives of the National Collegiate Track Coaches Association, the College Swimming Coaches Association of America, the American Wrestling Coaches and Officials Association, the National Gymnastics Coaches Association and the Judo Black Belt Federation their procedure in breaking away from AAU control. Although a poll of the track coaches is far from complete, early returns show an almost unanimous vote in favor of the formation of a track and field organization that would resemble in structure and operation the one set up for basketball.

On hand in Chicago to lend powerful support was the National Collegiate Athletic Association, represented at the meeting by its executive director, Walter Byers, and by Wilbur Johns, athletic director at UCLA and chairman of a special NCAA committee to encourage new controlling bodies in all sports.

The disenchantment of the basketball group with the AAU was crystallized in 1960, when a Swedish basketball team came to this country without AAU sanction and was prevented from playing here by AAU officials. At the March 1960 meeting of the National Association of Basketball Coaches a resolution was

adopted recommending the divorce of college basketball from the AAU. This resolution went to the NCAA executive council, whose support was immediate.

The NCAA's 40-year-old National Basketball Committee of the U.S. was then joined by the National Federation of State High School Athletic Associations and the YMCA. Through John Bunn, basketball coach at Colorado State and chairman of the committee, this group requested the executive committee of the AAU to recognize it as the governing body of basketball in the U.S. When the AAU did not do so the NBC petitioned the FIBA, the international body, for recognition. The FIBA appointed Lou Wilke, an AAU basketball vice-chairman, to convene a meeting of interested parties to decide upon a governing body in the U.S. The meeting was held last Monday in Chicago following the earlier "six-sports" meeting.

"I waited for six months for Wilke to contact me," Bunn said Sunday. "He never did. He went around talking to individuals and to other groups, but he never talked to the NBC."

"I guess I was guilty of procrastination," said the harried Wilke. "But when I get all these proposals before me—from the NBC and the AAU and any other interested people—I'll present them to the FIBA, and then they can do what they want. If necessary, they can send a committee over here to investigate."

But why investigate?

"It is entirely unnecessary to send a committee," Bunn retorted. "Even without the AAU the basketball federation represents 95% of the activity in the sport in the U.S. I do not see how the international group can fail to recognize us as the governing body."

"When a Peruvian basketball team contacted college basketball coaches in this country to arrange a tour before they had been sanctioned by the AAU, I told the coaches to go ahead and play them," the NCAA's Byers told the delegates from the other sports. "If, as a result of playing a team not sanctioned by the AAU the college athletes were suspended by the AAU, I pointed out that we do not recognize the AAU's suspension. If the NCAA ignores AAU's sanction and suspensions, the power of the AAU will be dissipated rapidly."

"You can't be a governing body with nothing to govern," said Bunn at last week's meeting. "And the AAU is rapidly losing subjects to govern." **END**

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VOYAGE INTO A ROMANTIC PAST

There is a colonial charm about the quiet villages and sprawling farms that border the Chesapeake. On these pages a famous yachtsman describes the endless variety of cruising waters in the bay's upper reaches

by CARLETON MITCHELL

Illustrations by Francis Golden



It was blowing a gentle little southerly, a final breath of summer, as *Fleur-de-terre* ambled across Annapolis harbor. The sky was blue, very blue, dappled with small clouds, the sky of a warm October afternoon, yet in the shadow of the mainsail a chill was in the air. Along the banks of the Severn the yellows and reds of fall accented the lingering greens.

I stood in the cockpit, leaning against the mizenmast. Occasionally I touched the spokes of the steering wheel with one foot, half dozing in the autumn sunshine, reflecting on the ease of cruis-

ing as opposed to the tension of racing: of getting up in the morning not knowing where I am going, maybe waiting for the wind to decide for me, not caring if the proper jib wasn't set; leaning back at evening over an anchor-down drink; falling asleep at night hugging the thought there would be no urgent summons from deck. . . .

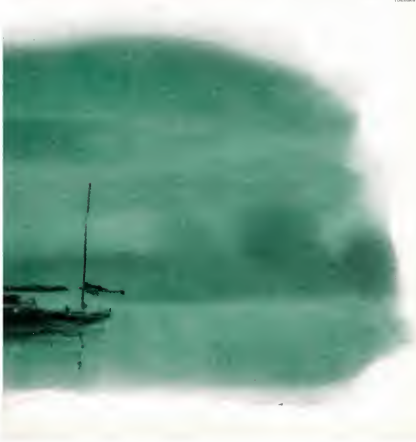
"Hey, skipper," said Bill McWilliams, breaking into my reverie. "The jib's soft. Wind's come ahead. Shall I trim?"

I looked at the masthead fly, then at the making wavelets, splintering the sun

shafts into glittering points. As so often happens in fair weather, the breeze was advancing with the clock: it had been mirror-calm at sunrise and through the early hours. The first cat's-paws appeared around 10, as we had gotten under way. Now it had freshened to good steerageway. Later, if it followed the usual cycle, it would strengthen through the afternoon, perhaps working up to a rousing, rail-down wind around 4, to taper off at sunset to a night of sibilant whispers in the treetops.

Having gotten no answer about the

continued



job, Bill strolled aft. "Where are we going, by the way?"

"I dunno," I replied lazily. "I haven't given it much thought."

What I really meant was that here on the Chesapeake there were so many delightful prospects I hadn't been able to choose. The whole area is such a lacy pattern of creeks and bays and rivers that it is hard to decide whether it is water bounded by land or land bounded by water.

"Any suggestions?" I asked Bill.

An old Chesapeake hand, Bill squinted at the sky. "If we go anywhere down the bay," he mused, "it will be a beat to windward. If we go up, we'll be reaching." He sat on the cabin top and sprawled his legs across the lifelines, thereby casting a vote for sloth. He looked so comfortable I flipped on the automatic pilot and went forward to join him.

Harbors literally lay in all directions. Even if we chose to turn around and sail west, up the Severn River instead of continuing into the open bay, we could pick from a multitude of anchorages, as the Severn is typical of Chesapeake tidal rivers, although it is a lesser one by bay standards. On its southern shore, even before you get to Annapolis, there is Back Creek; then Annapolis, lying between Spa and Dorsey creeks, then a ladder of creeks; each a good anchorage: Weems, Luce, Saltworks, Chase, Clements, Brewer, Forked. Then the Severn broadens to Round Bay, a body of water large, open and deep yet wholly sheltered, with Little Round Bay off its western side and Little Round Bay Creek beyond that. And still farther west the Severn continues another two miles, past other creeks, to end finally in another bay large enough to have its own sailing club. Thus almost every Chesapeake tributary must be thought of as a microcosm of an infinitely varied cruising world.

When the radio towers on Greenbury Point dropped astern there came a moment of decision. I let the wind suggest, gradually turning the bow to leeward until finally *Finisterre* slanted diagonally

across the bay, almost toward the northern tip of Kent Island.

"Heading for the Chester River?" inquired Bill, still sprawled on deck.

"Guess so," I answered. "If we come off for Gibson Island the wind will be dead aft. We'll have to set a spinnaker or start the engine to stem the tide."

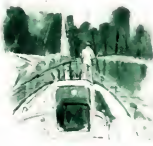
Perish either thought. Discussion complete. Master and mate in accord. Bubbles slid along the hull and traced our wake, water furrowed by generations of ghostly ships. Where *Finisterre* now moved, Indians once had passed in crude, hollowed logs. Captain John Smith sailed by in 1608 to "perform his Discovery." Half a century later Edward Lloyd of Wye House appeared in the first yacht, "a pleasure boat of 60 tons burthen," complete to "Ensign and pennant with 15 stripes, arms painted thereon, the field azure, the Lion gold . . . and six brass guns fixed on swivels to act in such a manner as to give the greatest report." And here also had passed each development of the age of com-

was rediscovering. Here is a land of graciousness, of easy living, a legacy of cotton and tobacco and a plantation life when visits were measured in weeks and it was necessary to pass legislation requiring that slaves not be fed terrapin too often. Here a small cruising yacht drifts across stretches of water bordered by trees or open fields, with perhaps an occasional glimpse of a lovely old house on a point. Here are anchorages disturbed only by the singing of birds and spreading rings following the splash of jumping fish. In the quiet, small villages people are hospitable and friendly. In many ways, on the shores of the bay today exists one of the nearest approaches to life on the other side of the Atlantic—a reasonable facsimile of rural England modified by terrain and time.

As I mused, the breeze freshened and *Finisterre* leaned to and she spurred ahead. Gone was introspective ease, to be replaced by the exhilaration of motion. Cruising is like that: a matter of mood stemming from weather and circumstance. Now we wanted to feel the boat go. The main was slackened a hair, the jib trimmed a few clicks and *Finisterre* boiled along with the wind on the quarter, all hands awake to the perfection of the moment.

Love Point lifted rapidly. Swinging around the squat lighthouse marking the end of the shoals beyond Kent Island, we came hard on the wind. A beat could have been avoided by reaching a few miles to the fishing village of Rock Hall, or Swan Creek beyond. But now we felt a little windward work might not be amiss. "It will make us feel we've earned a drink," opined Bill bravely, not forgetting the distance was short, the water smooth and that sail could be easily reduced.

Rail down, *Finisterre* drove across the river. Contrary to a misconception about Chesapeake cruising, the boat was in no danger of running aground—if her crew did not go completely to sleep. True, there are many areas of the bay where the water is spread thin, but in general the major tributaries of the Upper Bay—local name for the part north of the Potomac River—offer ample depths. Follow-



mercial sail: the Chesapeake log canoe, the pungey, the ram, the bugeye, even the Baltimore tea clipper.

As we drifted, I reflected on another of the charms of cruising: that every area takes its character from the life along its shores, both present and past. The Caribbean, the South Pacific, the Aegean, the Baltic, the Mediterranean—each is different because of its own combination of geography and history.

The Chesapeake, too, is unique, as I

ing normal pilotage procedures, a boat with six or seven feet of draft has no real problem. Navigational aids are plentiful, fog infrequent, tidal range and current velocity slight, and the bottom is not rock but mud—lovely soft mud, so grounding is an inconvenience, not a catastrophe, just as a centerboard is a convenience, not a necessity.

Thus on *Fishierre* we had no navigational cares; and ahead the Eastern Shore stretched away as a flat peninsula 136 miles long, dangling between the Atlantic Ocean and Chesapeake Bay. It is shaped like a bunch of grapes, the northern stem part of Delaware, the center comprising nine counties of Maryland, the tapering tip in Virginia. It has borne its name for three centuries, ever since the first settlers on the western side of the bay began referring to the land opposite as the Eastern Shore.

While we tacked and tacked again, the afternoon air became a silver haze, smoky from burning leaves. A slight film of cloud slid across the sky, so it, too, was silvery. Yet somehow colors were intensified: the massed trees turning russet and copper, cornstalks drying in the fields, the contrast of white barns and silos against evergreens.

Birds were everywhere, reminiscent of an earlier America. There were Canada geese in the hundreds. They flew overhead in long trailing echelons, receding in perspective until the most distant were faint plumes on the horizon; they lifted from fields in waves; they floated in rafts on the water, watched over by wise old gardeners, heads high and swiveling. Among the black and gray of the geese was the pure white of wild swans, rare elsewhere, plentiful on the Chester. And shuttling through and over these great birds were flights of lesser ones—ducks, coots, even gulls and fish hawks, eyeing patches of roiled water.

We had drifted by Grays Inn Creek, where Eugene du Pont has a shooting lodge, and on into the Corsica River, past the home built by John J. Raskob, financier and political leader of another generation. In the faint chill breeze *Fishierre* ghosted through gently rolling countryside in which sleek cattle browsed behind rail fences finally to anchor where

the river narrowed to a creek, the creek to a pond. After the sails came down with a rattle of slides there was only the sound of birds, wing beats and voices by the thousand, like the hum of a bumblebee's nest. The sun was low, and already the breeze had stilled, trees reflected, inverted, under the shore. Bill and I walked the deck, wordlessly, hands in pockets, and leaned against the rigging to watch.

Fall and spring—these are the magic times to cruise Chesapeake Bay. I have been under sail from the first warm days of late March to Christmas. When the New England coast, the Great Lakes, the Pacific Northwest and even Long Island Sound are too frigid for pleasant cruising the Chesapeake enjoys an additional month to six weeks on each side of summer. A boat brought down for winter lay-up, or en route to Florida, can cash in on both. During these interim periods days are likely to be warm and the nights cool, breezes are fresh and reasonably constant. There are few squalls. The water is clear and bracing for swimming. Air and waterborne pests—insects and jellyfish—are rare.

Summer has a different quality. Then, in the heat, there is a sense of almost voluptuous indolence, tempered always by the threat of squalls gathering over the western land. Crews bask under awnings, and screens are fitted at sundown. The water lies opaque and tepid. Fishermen sit in rowboats, long cane poles extending like the antennae of insects; their cork bobbers float immobile. The tempo of life slows. Some like it better.

Next morning it was still sunny, although a high haze softened shadows. Treetops waved, and a faint growl came from the upper rigging. The pen of the barograph traced a steady decline. We took our time over breakfast, for it was not the day for an open-water passage. Finally hoisting sails, we drifted from our anchorage, feeling the breeze increase as the river widened, to find a wet beam reach across the bay to the shelter of the Magothy River. Anchoring in the lee behind Mountain Point, we had lunch, then reset sails for a brief afternoon of exploration of the headwaters. Gradually during the day the clouds thickened and lowered, and well before sunset we swung on

continued



a mooring off the clubhouse of the Gibson Island Yacht Squadron.

Now I had my harbors-can-be-so-nice feeling, one of the best parts of cruising. There was a chill edge to the wind on deck, but when I went below I felt the snug coziness that exists only in the cabins of small boats. A coal fire burned in the bulkhead stove, a kettle simmered, oil lamp and candles shed a soft glow over books and polished mahogany. We settled on the cushions to listen to the hi-fi system, beginning with Heifetz playing Bach's concerto in E major for the violin, "the one with the bounce," as Bill put it. Sometime before

dawn I was awakened by the patter of rain on deck. *Finisterre* shook to strong gusts of wind. Pulling the blanket tighter around my neck, I reflected again on the joys of cruising, especially the Chesapeake. Tonight others could struggle with fogging sails somewhere off shore: for us the squall was a lullaby.

We came on deck to find sky and earth scrubbed clean by the broom of a fresh nor'wester, clear cold air flooding down from Canada. *Finisterre* responded to the call of the wind, and soon we were past Mountain Point and into the bay.

It was a fall and spring day, both together: fall in the left of the breeze, spring in the warmth of the sun. Wing and wing we skirted the beach to Sandy

Point, speed diminishing as the Magothy dropped astern. As often happens, the wind had funneled down the river—a local phenomenon sought in light weather, especially by racing skippers, but to be remembered with caution in heavy weather or when squall clouds gather.

A midsummer bay squall is not to be underrated. Three centuries ago John Smith wrote of the first one encountered by a European sailor: "The winde and waters so much increased with thunder, lightning and raine, that our mast and sayle blew overbord and such mighty waves overwacked us in that small barge it was with great labour we kept her from sinking by freeing out the water."

As we moved south the Severn opened to starboard, Kent Island slid by to port, Bloody Point lighthouse ahead acting as a navigation aid and reminder of the past. On Kent was the first settlement of the Upper Bay, a trading post established by William Claiborne in 1631. In that early time the waters were as clear as the open ocean; fish swarmed the rivers, and every shoal was carpeted by oysters. Trees stretched away in all directions, the forest primeval, individual trunks large enough to be hollowed into canoes capable of carrying 40 Indians. Under the lofty canopy was little underbrush. Deer roamed in a cathedral peace of dim light and quiet.

Among local cruisers today there is an endless argument about the "best" of the rivers. Flowing into the bay are some 40 major estuaries, each fed by its own complex of branches, all feeling the pulse of the ocean to the remotest headwaters, for the entire Chesapeake is tidal. Devotees of the upper and lower areas endlessly sing the delights of their own wide and lazy streams. Hidden harbors are played like cards, and always a secret gunk hole is the final trump, perhaps only to be described, exact location and pilotage details too precious to be divulged, even to make a point.

Before us were my own twin favorites of the Chesapeake. Behind Kent Island stretched Eastern Bay, open mouth of the Wye, the Miles and lesser streams; while a little farther along, past Tilghman Island, lay the Choptank River and its myriad feeders, wandering far across a peaceful countryside. Only from the air could the pattern be wholly comprehend-

BEST OF THE CHESAPEAKE



ed, bringing visual reality to statistics of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, which show that the "tidal shoreline, detailed, of Chesapeake Bay and all its tributaries totals about 5,600 statute miles," against "4,840 statute miles of general coastline from the state of Maine to the state of Washington." In other words, measurement of each squiggle of each Chesapeake creek to the head of tidewater, or point where the water narrows to a width of 100 feet, exceeds the coastal outline of the continental United States. Nowhere is there a straight line, everywhere there is one more creek and cove. And in the whole bay country the configuration was never more pronounced and thereby delightful for cruising than the waters over the bow of *Faustetter* that fall morning.

Again it was the wind that decided our destination. It was too good a day not to sail as far as possible. Wordlessly, when Bloody Point lighthouse came abeam, course was altered for Poplar Island Narrows. Past Jefferson Island we sailed, looking somewhat wistfully at its lovely harbor, and ignored the short cut of Knapps Narrows, a canal used by oystermen and crabbers to save distance. Avoiding the ever-present fish traps, we jibed off Blackwalnut Point to enter the Choptank River by a well-charted channel. Not very far inside, the river is more than five miles wide, making it a rather respectable bay in itself. Laying a course for Choptank light, I switched on the automatic pilot and relaxed against the mizzenmast, nothing to hit that couldn't be seen, nothing in sight, nothing to do but lazily consider the next choice. For at the lighthouse, now becoming visible ahead, we could swing to starboard, following the Choptank past the small city of Cambridge as far as we cared to go, almost 50 miles from Blackwalnut Point into the heart of the Eastern Shore. Or at the light we could sharpen up to port and run the Tred Avon River beyond the village of Oxford, selecting an anchorage from an array of the loveliest creeks—by almost universal agreement—of the entire Chesapeake.

We compromised, followed the Choptank for a look into La Trappe Creek, then retracing our course into the harbor

continued



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(Signed) Raymond H. Ammerell, Jr.
General Manager

Pages 16 and 17 subscribed below are this 10th day of September, 1961.

(Seal) (Signed) Eudice Gossamer
(My commission expires March 26, 1961)

of Oxford. Here, in a snug inner cove, were tangible reminders of the golden age of sail. Maryland many years ago passed a law that oysters could not be dredged by powered vessels, so bugeyes and skipjacks, with their picturesque clipper bows and raked masts, still ply their ancient trade each winter, drowsing during the spring and summer tucked away in such byways as this, refitting each fall. Nor were these the only links with history. The village, with its spreading trees and smooth lawns, white picket fences and green shutters, bears a close resemblance to a New England town. The surrounding countryside retains much of the graciousness of an earlier era, fields running down to the water, colonial houses set back in flowering groves. And the flourishing boatyards rimming the harbor prove that it is continually oriented to the water.

As is our wont when cruising, *Finisterre* poked in for supplies and a look, and poked out again in quest of a deserted anchorage. Passing Plaindealing Creek, which took its name from the Quakers who traded fairly with the Indians, we continued up the Tred Avon to Tripple Creek, while the sun dropped toward the horizon. Beyond Deepwater Point lay a sheltered bowl of a harbor; almost regretfully we dropped the anchor, hating to do so perfect a day.

If you live right, sometimes—sometimes—the gentle gods who watch over

the affairs of Chesapeake creeks are kind. We awakened to a moderate easterly breeze, carrying with it the freshness of the ocean lying just beyond our rampart of land. It still felt like summer. Gingerly I put a foot over the side to be rebuffed by the first chill of winter. But never mind. Always, cruising, there are the compensations. The electric anchor winch whirled, saving more energy, and one heave on the sheet unfurled the roller jib. *Finisterre* heeled ever so slightly, and we began retracing our course to Eastern Bay, heading now for the Miles River and the town of St. Michaels.

Within the span of my acquaintance,



St. Michaels has changed, but only to accommodate the expanding fleet of pleasure boats. At the end of World War II it was a drowsing harbor frequented principally by fishermen, crabbers and oystermen; now marinas have blossomed, slips aplenty for wandering yachtsmen. At the head of the docks is a supply store, while nearby is a crab factory.

Here, as in most other towns, is found one of the principal joys of Chesapeake cruising: living off the land, or perhaps I should say water. Depending on the season, there are soft-shell crabs or steamers to buy, big bay busters transmuted from blue to bright red by steam and spices—or ready-picked back-fin meat, succulent lumps as big as your thumb. There are fresh shad and roe in the spring and native rockfish in the fall. After the leaves begin to drop, oysters may be purchased ready-shucked or by

the barrel, the barrel to be lashed on the stern and the oysters opened as you sit along the rail, tossing shells into the water alongside. Local sea food can usually be bought, for fishing is still a major source of income to the area, but there is always the do-it-yourself system. Few are the creeks which will not yield pan fish and crabs. In fact, a long-handled crab net is a standard Chesapeake cruising appendage.

It was nearly dark when we returned to *Finisterre* after a shopping expedition. Almost anywhere else it would be necessary to spend the night alongside a dock, whether we wanted to or not. But starting the engine, we powered confidently forth as I scanned the chart for a harbor. Almost immediately I discovered Leeds Creek, less than a mile away. I had never heard of it before that moment, but as the red ball of the sun vanished without glare over the church spire of St. Michaels, *Finisterre* crept into the embrace of the first cove to appear to port, electronic depth finder never showing less than the charted eight feet. It was a harbor that would be famous elsewhere. After the anchor splashed down we lingered on deck, savoring perfection. Around us fish broke. Gulls almost too fat to fly flattered away. Crickets and frogs began their evening chorus and, with the fading of the last light, Venus shone like a suspended jewel, no more distant than the nearest treetop. By my side Bill said softly: "Think how few people today can know such moments. Most places there is noise and hurry. Here there are only stars—us and them."

In the morning I thought out the day—back to the Miles, then into the Wye East branch for the whole length of Wye Island, poking into creeks, glimpsing the magnificent colonial splendor of Wye Plantation; in all, one of the most beautiful islands in the world, in its own way worthy of comparison with any in the Aegean, the Baltic, the Caribbean, the Pacific. So now it comes out, my favorite part of the Chesapeake—a jumbling few miles of peace and solitude and quiet green lanes to seep into the soul after the boustervous blue wastes of ocean *Finisterre* and I have known together.

It was a day when time was suspended.

(continued)



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No Peace for a Dove Hunter

The author's quiet day of hunting dissolved into chaos when he spent as much time dodging shot as he did shooting shells

by DAN HOLLAND

The Owens River of California runs through a broad colorful valley bounded by high mountains and inhabited by a unique people who subsist on trout and trout fishermen in spring and summer and on game and game hunters during the fall and winter.

It is a picturesque valley, and the tumbling streams, the blue lakes, the lush meadows and parks of the adjoining High Sierra are a vast playground for the fisherman, the camper and the hunter. When the valley folk gather in town on a Saturday night, the talk quite naturally is all about trout-fly patterns and shotgun bores. The only drawback to such a congenial atmosphere is that a person must guard his tongue. Everyone with whom he talks is a potential competitor for the game and fish in the area, so a fellow doesn't brag openly about his discovery of a mountain-meadow pond swarming with trout, or speak too specifically about the hole in the gorge where he turned over a bigunker. Such secrets are taken seriously by the Owens River Valley inhabitants.

Eddie, however, was one valley inhabitant who didn't follow this rule. He knew so many good trout holes that he could afford to be generous. I was one of the fortunates he took to his favorite places, and we had some mighty fine fishing during July and August.

But by the last day of August I was worried. The local dove season opened at noon on September 1. I had a new shotgun and big ideas about how to use it, but as yet I hadn't been able to locate any doves. And Eddie wasn't talking. Maybe he hadn't done as much dove shooting as trout fishing. At any rate, if he knew where they were he was keeping it quiet. That afternoon I ran him down in a local sporting goods store

where, as usual, he and Dave, the proprietor, were talking about fishing. Dave, I knew, was as interested in locating some birds as I was, and since we had Eddie cornered I figured there was no time to lose.

"There don't seem to be many doves around here," I commented.

"Doves?" asked Eddie, as though the word were new to him. He was thoughtful a moment, then asked, "have you done much dove shooting?"

"I've shot a few in the South," I admitted, "but I've never tried it out here. I suppose the birds act the same."

"How do you hunt them during the middle of the day back there?"

"You don't," I answered. "Smart dove hunters prefer pass shooting in the morning and evening and knock off during the midday hours. When a dove is pecking around in a field or just sitting in the open sunning himself, he's not of much use. It's no sport to jump him. You have to let him come to you under a full head of steam."

"And supposing you don't have any choice, like tomorrow when the season opens at noon?" Eddie went on.

"Then I'd get together several fellows and spread out and drive them around from gun to gun."

Dave said, "A hunter wouldn't stand much of a chance alone, would he?"

"O.K., O.K.," Eddie laughed. "You two are about as subtle as a couple of

continued



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Dave Hunter

hungry dogs. Close up shop for a few minutes, Dave, and let's hop in the car. I know something that may interest you fellows."

And that's when Eddie showed us the big barley field swarming with a thousand doves. He showed it to us at a 60-mile-an-hour clip. "There may be someone watching us and we don't want to be too obvious about this place," he said as we whizzed by the field with the throttle on the floor boards. "No point in letting anyone else find these doves." Eddie wouldn't even slow down and turn around until we had continued down the road several miles and the coast was clear both ways. As we roared back past we again got a hurried look at hundreds of doves sitting along the wires and in the willow clumps and moving in small flocks about the barley stubble.

Hunting before business

I like the spirit of these people in the Owens Valley. The opening day of the dove season, or any other season, would obviously be a lucrative one for a sporting goods store. Lots of hunters forget their shells or other important items until the last minute. But an extra sale or two wasn't in Dave's mind, not with all those birds waiting. Next morning he and his wife dipped in the larder for a couple of boxes of No. 8s, picked up their shotguns, hung out a sign on their sporting goods store, "Gone hunting," and we were off.

We had ample time to reach the shooting grounds by noon. We figured the four of us should be enough to keep the doves moving around and get some shooting. But about a mile from our destination we could see that the road near the barley field was blocked with cars, as though there had been a bad accident. As we drew closer we made out what appeared to be an armed posse gathering, but when we pulled up to our secret spot, the truth was evident: every hunter in the Owens Valley, plus a fully equipped delegation of wild-eyed optimists from Los Angeles, was there ahead of us.

The owner of the barley field was there, too, but he wasn't storming around trying to run off the intruders. He didn't even have a gun to take part in the shooting. Instead he was directing traffic, suggesting a likely stand here and there and generally playing the part of the congenial host.

No one said anything for a moment. Then Eddie turned around slowly and said, "Don't be hiter, fellows."

That was back in 1946, but I'll remember that day's hunt in detail for many years to come. I have never been involved in such a mass hunt before or since. I have too much respect for a gun to make a habit of that kind of thing, though actually a shotgun is a comparatively safe weapon. At a distance of over a hundred yards bird shot won't hurt a person, and over 50 yards it's not likely to be lethal. But the closer a person gets to the gun the more dangerous it is, of course, and in his own hands it is the



most dangerous of all. I want to know the men I'm hunting with, and as I looked at the array of shooters lining the fringe of brush along the irrigation ditch bordering the field, my heart dropped. I had come out to open the dove season, not to have the dove season open me. I decided to take refuge in the irrigation ditch until after the initial bombardment, and then see where I could do some reasonably safe shooting.

H-hour was 12 sharp and nobody jumped the deadline. Maybe it was because the local warden stood out in front with a long-barreled pump gun and it wasn't obvious whether he was there to shoot doves or the first guy who stepped out of line. Most of the hunters were backed up against the irrigation ditch and long fingers of willows that protruded into the field here and there, but a few early arrivals had moved far out into the field. They had put the birds on the move, already they were milling about in bunches of from two to a dozen.

Now, a dove is surprisingly able to take care of himself. He has a world of speed, and when he's scared he adopts a rolling screwball flight that's tough to solve. A man can sharpen up at the traps and be a wizard at the mathematics of deflection angle and still look like a fool when he starts pounding away at doves. A clay bird leaves the traps at a certain speed and direction and its flight from that moment is predictable. An experienced trap shot can lead the target leisurely and confidently. He knows the spot where the shot and target will connect. But no man can predict for sure where a dove is going. The hunter must figure his lead at the very last moment, just as he swings his gun past the rolling, twisting bird. In other words, in Owens Valley during the first hour of the season, even though the doves were plentiful and being driven back and forth within reasonable range, there were surprisingly few birds coming down.

I sat it out for a few minutes and then let loose a few ineffective blasts at doves that suddenly poured over my irrigation foxhole. I peeked out at the broad expanse of open field and figured that if I could just get out there beyond range of the firing line I'd be safe, whether I got any birds or not. I made a break for it, wincing with every shot. About 80 yards out I caught a rain of shot across my back, sharp enough to sting but not penetrate. At least I was out of damaging range.

An exhilarating day

From then on I enjoyed the hunt. The birds were so numerous and confused that all I needed to do was crouch, even out in the open stubble, and some would pass within range. If another hunter approached too close, I moved away. Once I did walk carelessly within 60 yards of a willow clump and was greeted by a blast that caught me across the legs and took my breath away. It didn't amount to anything because my canvas pants and boots stopped the shot, but if the aim had been three or four feet higher I would have been sporting No. 8 shot like a peashooter.

But, lord, it was exciting hunting, not only because of the hazards of stray shot, but because of the fast-flying doves. In about an hour I had somehow managed to bring down eight birds and had just four shells left. The time had come to head back toward the highway, right through hostile territory. I made it by a wide encircling movement. Enroute I

continued

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Dove Hunter

collected one more bird out of three shots.

As I started down the side of the road toward the spot where I had left the rest of the gang, I noticed a dove coming right up the center of the highway flying low and fairly smoking. A highway is out of bounds for shooting, both by law and ethics. No one is supposed to shoot from or toward a highway: it's a safety spot for man and beast. I stopped to watch this bird go by. I just naturally like to watch them fly, and this one wasn't killing time. I can't swear to it, but I'm almost sure this particular dove was carrying an olive branch just in case. When he was almost even with me I caught a motion out of the corner of my eye and turned just in time to see a character rise out of the ditch across the road and start to level off on the dove. That's all I took time to see. The bird was about to pass head high between me and the gun. I hit the dart, and I could almost feel the breeze of the shot as it whizzed over me. At that distance it would have blown a hole in me like a doughnut. All I could think of as I lay there was that I had spent three years overseas and never knowingly had come that close to a load of lead.

"Don't get excited," said the sportsman in the ditch. "I was shooting at the dove, not you."

A fairly sure thing

Further along the irrigation ditch I found the rest of the gang, all safe. Eddie and Dave were cleaning up their limits in fine form, and I sat down and smoked a cigarette to calm down. Finally I decided to try for my 10th bird with my last shell. I waited him out and picked a fairly sure thing, a bird about 30 feet high coming directly overhead. I covered him up, squeezed the trigger and he crumpled, and at the same instant a man a hundred yards off jumped up and commenced shouting. "I got him! My bird! That one that fell by you, I got him! Long shot, wasn't it?"

Eddie laughed as only Eddie can laugh and turned to me.

"Don't be better," he said. "Don't be better."

All in all, that afternoon was quite an experience. I discovered that I would shed shot and that I was an evasive target in others words, that I was about as difficult to bring down as a dove. It makes a man proud.

END

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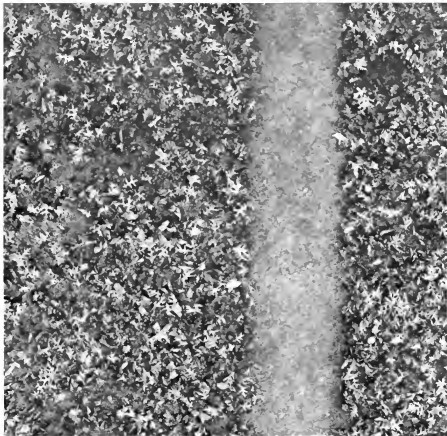
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ENOSVILLE

Sirs:

Three cheers for America's track and field stars and their coaches for having the guts to stand up to the AAU (*The End of the AAU*, Sept. 25).

A gold medal each to Tex Maule and to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

DEAN RICHARDS

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Your story hit the nail right on the thumb. However, there are a few facts you overlooked.

Item: You failed to mention that the AAU annual budget averages slightly under \$100,000 a year for supervising about 20 sports in all, whereas it's not uncommon for a college to have a track budget alone of over \$30,000.

Item: When it comes to running a major meet, the AAU, with all its shortcomings, has it all over the NCAA, as anyone who saw the meets that were run by each of them this year can attest.

Item: Two of the authorities you cite are suspect themselves. You yourselves called the NCAA's Walt Byers one of those "ultimately responsible for the [basketball] recruiting tactics that corrupt young athletes while they are still in high school" (*Sports Illustrated*, May 8). And another of your heroes has been called, in my presence, by more than one top trackman, "the worst thing that ever happened to athletics."

JAMES O. DUNAWAY

New York City

Sirs:

After 27 years of coaching swimming and diving in Texas I can honestly say that our AAU (the South Texas Association) has done nothing inspirational or financial to help swimming or swimmers. On the other hand, the annual dues and fees paid to the association by our youngsters have gone to send delegates to the national AAU conventions, buy fictitious memberships for voting power and pay noncoaching officials' expenses.

T. S. ROHRKYS

Burnet, Texas

Sirs:

Many college coaches welcome out-of-school athletes to their practice areas and work overtime to further amateur track. But others work overtime recruiting and won't schedule meets with club teams or strong

colleges when they think such meets might jeopardize their won-and-lost record.

LARAYETTE SMITH

Chicago

Sirs:

The article justifiably finds many faults in the AAU but fails to give credit to the many people who do the organization's work with little reward.

GEORGE FOLDES

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

It is commendable that so many individuals donate their time without compensation, but philanthropy cannot be made an excuse for inefficiency at the expense of America's amateur athletes.

CHUCK COHN

Stanford, Calif.

Sirs:

It has been evident for quite a while that what the AAU needed was either a shot in the arm or a kick in the pants. By now it has become pretty obvious that it won't get a shot in the arm.

MARK THOMPSON

Ithaca, N. Y.

Sirs:

Your article is certainly extreme left wing.

MRS. MILLS S. BARTON

Indianapolis



ABERTONDO



KOVACS

CHANNEL MEN

Sirs:

That wasn't Antonio Abertondo swimming the Channel (*Two was Tom Goes Over and Back*, Oct. 2). It was that other channel man, Ernie Kovacs—just look at the picture.

ROBERT PAGE

Port Washington, N. Y.

TARGET

Sirs:

If the very unsophisticated Cassius Clay ("Who Made Me—A Mr.?" Sept. 25) is ever lucky enough to fight Champion Floyd Patterson for the heavyweight title, his swelled head will make a perfect target for Floyd to shoot at.

CHARLES WEINSTEIN

Baltimore

SEASICKNESS

Sirs:

Kindly inform Mr. Rogin (*12 Days Before the Mast*, Sept. 25) that sailing is a disease. Under no circumstances should he sail again lest he catch the bug—and begin to enjoy it.

CLIFFORD A. MCKAY JR.

Oxford, Miss.

Sirs:

Rogin's surmise that Sootana's horizon were "20 miles off" is, like Mark Twain's death, surely highly exaggerated. Every seafarman worth his salt knows that the horizon is three miles away. According to Howditch the rim of the horizon for a height-of-eye of 10 feet is 3.1 nautical miles. A climb to Sootana's main truck (or about 60 feet) would push the horizon back to only 7.5 miles.

Possibly Gilbert Rogin was somewhat farther at sea than he realized.

GORDON T. HAWKI

London, Ont.

● Because dry land seemed always just beyond it, the horizon looked further away to Landlubber Rogin than it does to seafarers more familiar with Howditch. —ED.

SOLID JUMPS

Sirs:

Thanks for Whitney Tower's accurate article on steeplechasing (*The Jumpers Must Have Some Support*, Sept. 25). Adding a thought to his quotation from Ambrose Clark about teaching horses to jump, any hunting man or timber rider will tell you that a horse jumps better, safer and surer over a solid fence, which demands respect. If bigger, more solid jumps are used to make a horse "stand back and fence," pace will drop off but overall racing will improve.

Both England and Ireland have made steeplechasing tremendously popular



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PAT ON THE BACK



THE CRANE FAMILY

'Or why race?'

Bob Crane of Darien, Conn., may be the only husband in the U.S. who actually wants his wife to lose her figure. "She's too light," says this Pan American pilot and sailor, who first began racing when he was 8, "to make good ballast in heavy weather."

Despite this handicap, however, shapely Pat Crane has proved an able enough seaman to help her husband win a cabinetful of sailing trophies. Besides that she has borne him a houseful of alternate crewmen. This year Bob and Pat placed second in the North American Lightning

class championships in San Diego. Sailing against adults, their 14-year-old son Jim, a Blue Jay class champ, beat all but one crew in the Long Island Sound Lightning championships. Meanwhile, daughter Linda, 12, was collecting some local prizes at the helm of her own Blue Jay.

The Cranes' second son, Bill, doesn't amount to much on the water so far, but since Bill is only 3, Bob still has hopes. "There has to be a competitive spark," says the senior member of this winning sailing family, "or why race?"



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